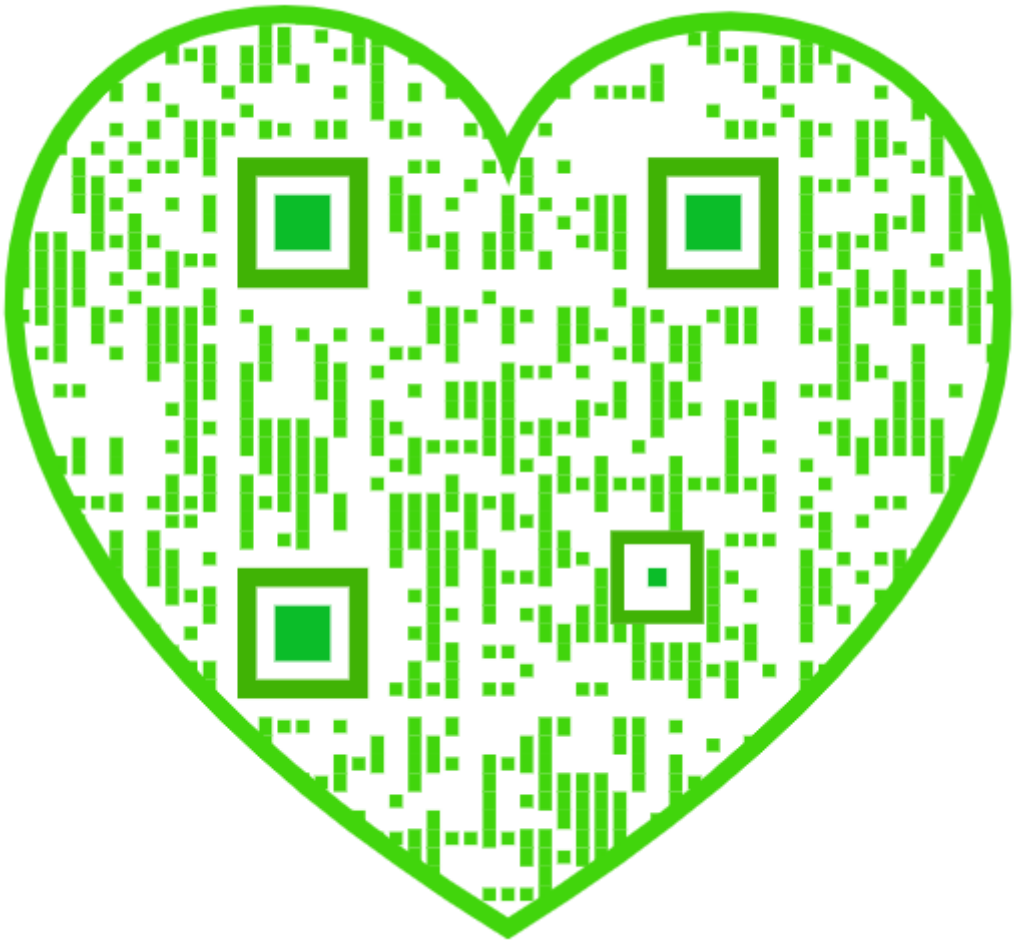

ECLECTIC EDUCATIONAL SERIES

McGUFFEY'S

ALTERNATE

FOURTH READER

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PREFACE.

IN the preparation of the Alternate Fourth Reader, the aim has been to procure such material as will not only interest the pupil, but will aid in creating or developing a taste for good literature. Brief notices of the authors accompany many of the selections, and the more difficult words, and words not in common use, are defined.

The hints given in the language exercises will be found to be very useful. It is believed that thorough drill in these exercises will not only be a valuable aid in securing correct and graceful expression of thought, but will be an excellent preparation for entering upon the study of technical grammar.

The subject-matter of the selections is not too difficult for the average pupil. At this stage of his advancement, he should read mainly to gather ideas from the printed page. The variety in the style of these selections will furnish the teacher with suitable material for drill in vocal culture as well as language work.

The illustrations are not merely pictures—they illustrate the lessons which they accompany. They will be found helpful in arresting the attention of the pupil, and will furnish many interesting topics for exercises in composition.

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INTRODUCTION.

ELEMENTARY SOUNDS.

Pronunciation, in its restricted sense, is the exact utterance of the proper vowel and consonant sounds and accents which the best usage has established.

Articulation is the utterance of the elementary sounds of a language.

An Elementary Sound is a simple, distinct sound made by the organs of speech.

The Classes of the Elementary Sounds are: Vocals, Sub-vocals, and Aspirates.

Vocals consist of pure tones only.

Sub-vocals are sounds somewhat obstructed in their formation by the vocal organs.

Aspirates consist of breath only, and are whispering, articulate sounds.

There are sixteen vocals, fifteen sub-vocals, and ten aspirates; forty-one elementary sounds in the English language.

Sounds are represented by letters. When a letter represents more than one sound, the different sounds are indicated by diacritical marks.

Substitutes are characters or letters used to represent sounds ordinarily represented by other characters or letters.

Vocals and Substitutes.

ā.—Māte, rāin, sāy, they, feint, gāuge, breāk, vein, ġāol.
ă.—Măn, păn, tăn, shăll, lămp, băck, măt, stănd
ä.—Fär, härd, äh, äunt, heärt, guärd, psälm.
a.—Ball, talk, pause, saw, broad, naught, bought.
ạ.—Was, what, wash, swap, nŏd, blŏt, knŏwledge.
ē.—Mē, trēe, sēa, kēy, fiēld, cēiling, pēople, polīce.
ĕ.—Mĕt, brĕad, said (sĕd), says (sĕz), friĕnd, hĕifer, lĕopard, guĕss, any (ĕnny), bury (bĕrry).
ė.—Hĕr, clĕrk, ĕarn, wĕre, dŭrst, fīrst, work, mўrrh.
ī.—Pīne, sīgn, līe, tўpe, sleīght, buў, guīde, aīsle, choīr.
ĭ.—Pĭn, fountaĭn, been (bĭn), busy (bĭzy), surfeĭt, sĭeve, hўmn, buĭld, mўth.
ī.—Sīr, bīrd, gīrl, bīrch, mīrth, bīrth.
ō.—Nō, dōōr, lōam, hōe, sōul, snōw, sew (sō), yeōman, bureau (bu′rō), hautboy (hō′boy).
ŏ.—Nŏt, blŏt, chŏp, thrŏb, bŏther, bŏdy, wạn.
ô.—Nôr, bôrn, stôrm, côrk, fôrk, smạll, stạll.
ọ.—Wọlf, wọman, bụshel, wọuld, shọuld, pụll.
ọ.—Mọre, whọ, tọmb, grọup, sọup, shọe, dọ, lọse.
ȯ.—Lȯve, sȯn, flȯod, frȯnt, shȯve, tȯuch, dȯes, tȯngue.
o͝o.—Wo͝ol, bo͝ok, co͝ok, ro͝ok, go͝odly.
o͞o.—Fo͞od, tro͞op, to͞oth, go͞ose, spo͞on, no͞on.
ū.—Use, abūse, beaūty, feūd, view, adieū.
ŭ.—Rŭb, sŭn, sŭm, sŭch, mŭch, tŭck, lŭck, troŭble.
û.—Fûr, cûrl, hûrt, bûrn, tûrn, spûrn.
ụ.—Fụll, bụll, pụsh, bụsh.
oi, oy.—Oil, point, voice, noise, boiler, boy, joy, alloy.
ou, ow.—Our, sour, cloud, owl, now, bow, couch.

Direction to Teacher.—Let the pupil pronounce each word distinctly and then its vocal sound. Continued drills in these exercises will be found a great aid in pronunciation.

Sub-vocals and Substitutes.

b.—Be, by, boy, bib, rob, bite, born, band, bubble.
d.—Deed, did, dab, bid, bud, dead, door, indeed.
g.—Go, gag, gig, bag, beg, fog, fig, girl, rag, log.
j.—Jay, joy, jig, gill, job, judge, ginger, soldier.
l.—Lad, led, dell, mill, line, lily, folly.
m.—Me, my, mad, mug, him, aim, blame.
n.—No, now, nab, nod, man, sun, none, noun.
r (rough).—Rear, red, rough, riot, ripe, rude, ragged.
r (smooth).—Form, farm, worn, for, ear, manner.
v.—Van, vine, vale, vivid, stove, of, Stephen.
w.—We, woe, web, well, wig, wag, wood, will, wonder.
y.—Ye, yam, yon, yes, yarn, yoke, yawn, filial.
z.—Zag, rose, rise, zone, lives, stars, suffice.
zh.—Azure, osier, usual, measure, rouge.
th.—Thee, thy, them, blithe, beneath, those.
ng.—Bang, fang, gang, bring, sing, fling.

Remark.—B, D, I, M, N, and R have no substitutes.

Aspirates.

f.—Fib, fob, buff, beef, if, off, life, phrase, laugh.
h.—Ha, he, hub, had, how, hill, home, hire, horse.
k.—Kill, bake, cat, cow, come, chord, black.
p.—Pop, pig, lip, map, pipe, pope, apple, path, pile.
s.—Sad, fuss, miss, cent, cease, sick, sound, sincere.
t.—Hat, mat, toe, totter, tint, time, sleet, taught.
sh.—Dash, shad, rush, sure, ocean, notion, passion, chaise.
ch.—Chin, chop, chat, rich, much, church, bastion.
th.—Thin, hath, think, teeth, truth, breath, pith.

DIRECTION TO TEACHER.—Require the pupil to give the sound of each letter and not its name. For exercises in the combination of sub-vocal sounds, as *br*, *bz*, *dr*, *fs*, *gr*, *jd*, *lf*, *mz*, *nd*, etc., ample material will be found in words in the reading lessons. When it is discovered that a child has a faulty pronunciation, the teacher will be able to get at the root of the difficulty by requiring the child to utter the elementary sounds. Persistency in drill on the separate sound will ordinarily be successful.

DIRECTIONS.

1. The teacher should teach the pupil how to manage his breath in reading aloud.

2. Inflection, or the slides of the voice which are natural and appropriate in certain kinds of sentences to be found in the reading lessons, should be dwelt upon until flexibility of voice has been acquired. The necessity of inflection may be illustrated by brief interrogative sentences.

3. Careful attention to the full meaning of a sentence, and a sympathetic feeling of the sentiments expressed, will lead the child to the appropriate inflections, emphasis, modulations of the voice, and the proper oratorical pauses. Therefore, every true teacher of reading will labor to have the child understand and feel what he reads.

4. Most of the lessons in this Reader are in the narrative or the colloquial style. The narrative style requires a middle or natural pitch, a pure quality of tone, varied inflections, and an easy manner; the colloquial style, an animated and conversational tone. The reader must, in tone and manner, show that he knows and feels the facts and sentiments which he utters.

5. Silent reading and the study of words and thoughts should precede reading aloud. This will avoid stumbling and hesitation.

6. To require the child to express in his own language the thoughts of a paragraph or lesson will be found to be a good test of his ability to gather ideas from the printed page, and a good exercise in language culture.

7. The teacher will observe that in the language exercises all the parts of speech are presented. If the order of development is followed, and the pupil is required to write the exercises indicated, and to observe carefully the construction of sentences, he will be able to write with considerable correctness, and be prepared to begin the study of elementary grammar.

8. Give numerous examples in the different uses of words; as, The *man* is wise. They *man* the boat. The *arm* is long. The soldiers *arm* the fort.

9. The teacher should define all words he finds the child does not fully understand, in addition to those defined in the notes. It is not intended that the pupil should learn the definitions at the end of the lessons. They are given merely to aid the pupil in understanding the subject-matter, and are therefore made to conform to the use of the words in the text.

FOURTH READER.

LESSON 1.

HOW AUNT PATIENCE KILLED THE PANTHER.

1. READING one day a story called "How Grandmother Killed the Bear" reminded me of my grandmother and the stories she used to tell—Dear grandma! with her white hair, her soft, dim blue eyes, and her gentle smile!

2. One cold winter night, when the wind whistled noisily down the chimney, and we had gathered cosily around the fire, she told us the following story: Years ago, she said, before I was born, Uncle John and Aunt Patience came from England to find a home in the wilderness. They made a clearing, and built a little log-house with only one room—warm and comfortable in winter, pleasant and airy in summer. I say they, for Aunt Patience helped with her hands as well as with her heart. In those days the chimney was nearly half the size of the house, and in the cold weather, when the stone hearth was piled high with the big logs cut from the trees that grew around their home, and the flames roared and crackled up the wide

mouth of the chimney, Aunt Patience thought nothing more cheerful and homelike; and in summer the cool breeze swept down from the tree-tops, "singing and sighing like a voice from home," she said.

3. Aunt Patience was very lonesome at times, when Uncle John had to go to mill, and she could not hear the strokes of his ax all the day long. The nearest mill was many miles away. One bright summer morning, Uncle John started for the mill, with the bags of grain securely fastened to the back of the old horse, and with his gun on his shoulder, for it was not safe to ride through the woods without it. "Good by, little woman," he said; "do not be lonely or frightened. When it begins to be dark fasten the door and the window; I will be home before morning."

4. Aunt Patience watched him spring to his horse's back and ride away in the sweet, dewy June morning, with a strange, dull sinking at her heart; then she went about her daily tasks, making the house bright and clean. When night came she milked the cow Daisy and locked her up in the little lean-to back of the house, for fear of the Indians, some of whom were impudent and thievish. Still, Aunt Patience had no great fear of them, and when all was done, and the gloomy night settled down, she saw that all was safe, and taking her work, sat down by the one light, and tried to wait quietly for the welcome sound of the old horse's foot-steps coming through the woods.

5. Nine! ten! said the little clock they had brought from their home over the sea. No sound outside but the whip-poor-will's plaintive call, and the sighing of the night wind.

6. No sound? Hark! Were those foot-steps, soft and stealthy? "Indians," thought the poor woman, listening, expecting to hear a harsh whisper at the key-hole, "White squaw no there?" Again, she heard the foot-steps going round and round the house. It seemed as though they were made by two pairs of creeping feet; then she heard a scratching sound, and a low, deep growl from over her head. Looking suddenly up the wide chimney she saw the lithe, waving body and fiery eyes of a huge panther crouching just ready to spring down upon the hearth.

7. What could she do? Open the door and dash away to the woods? Certain death! for then she would be an easy prey to the panther. Another deep growl, louder and more angry. Then, remembering the fear such creatures have of fire, quick as thought she snatched the straw bed from the bedstead in the corner, tore open the cover, and emptied all the straw upon the few embers that remained on the hearth. In a moment there was a blaze and a fierce heat. With the blaze and heat pouring into his face, the panther gave loud cries of rage and slunk off into the woods.

8. But Aunt Patience knew too well it was only for a short time. Soon the fire would burn itself all out and back he would come. Oh, for the sound of the trot, trot, trot, through the clearing! Alas! no horse, no Uncle John. Again the stealthy foot-steps were heard around the house stealing softly, softly, and her heart grew faint with fear.

9. Ah! the old musket over the door, kept to frighten crows from the corn-field and hawks from the chickens. Quickly it was taken down, as quickly

loaded; then scratch! scratch! more cautiously than before, and Aunt Patience heard again the blood-chilling growl, and saw the fiery eyes looking down, and the huge yellow body swaying to and fro in the dim light. She knelt down, raised the gun to her shoulder, and, with one quick prayer, fired.

10. There was a scream of rage and pain, a great bound, a mighty crash, and Aunt Patience sprang up in time to miss the terrible panther falling down the chimney and rolling over and over on the floor in his death-agony. Even then he was dangerous, for his

mighty claws tore up great slivers of the floor, and his huge body, as he struggled and rolled from side to side, broke every thing in his way.

11. Aunt Patience climbed upon the high bedstead, and crouched in one corner, trembling and fearing that her danger was not yet over. At last, with one drawing-up and straightening of the great limbs, and with a tremendous struggle, the monstrous body of the panther quivered and then was still.

12. Then the brave little woman stepped down from her place of safety, and crept cautiously across the floor, expecting the great red eyes to open, and the dreadful claws to snatch at her, till she reached the door. In a moment the fastenings were undone, and she rushed out into the fragrant night air. As she did so the welcome sound of old Whitefoot's trot came faintly to her ear; then nearer, nearer, and soon she saw horse and rider appear through the gloom. Oh, how glad she was, and how thankful was Uncle John! What could he say when he saw the great beast lying dead on the floor of their home, and thought that but for her courage his dear wife might have been torn in pieces long before this?

13. Aunt Patience never staid alone in the house again at night; and though she had many other adventures while living in the wilderness before a village grew up around them, she never forgot that one terrible night when she killed the panther.

Definitions.—4. Lēan′-tǫ, *a shed.* 5. Plāint′ĭve, *sad, sorrowful.* 7. Ĕm′berş, *coals smoldering amid ashes.* 8. Stĕalth′y, *secret, sly.* 10. Ăg′o ny, *extreme pain of body.* 11. Crouched, *bent low.* 13. Ad vĕnt′ūreş, *risks, ventures.*

LESSON 2.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

1. UNDER the hay-stack little Boy Blue
   Sleeps with his head on his arm,
   While the voices of men and voices of maids
   Are calling him over the farm.

2. Sheep in the meadows are running wild,
   Where poisonous herbage grows;
   Leaving white tufts of the downy fleece
   On the thorns of the sweet wild-rose.

3. Out in the fields where the silken corn
   Its plumed head nods and bows,
   Where golden pumpkins ripen below,
   Trample the white-faced cows.

4. But no loud blast on the shining horn
   Calls back the straying sheep;
   And the cows may wander in hay and corn,
   While their keeper lies asleep.

5. His roguish eyes are tightly shut,
   His dimples are all at rest;
   The chubby hand, tucked under his head,
   By one rosy cheek is pressed.

6. Wake him? No. Let down the bars,
   And gather the truant sheep;
   Open the barn-yard and drive in the cows,
   But let the little boy sleep.

LESSON 3.

THE CLEW FOUND IN THE ROCKS.

1. MORE than sixty years ago there lived in a fishing-town on the north-eastern coast of Scotland a boy who afterward became a very famous man. His mother, though very poor, managed to send little Hugh to school, and there he learned a good deal from books; but if he had learned no more than to read and to write, he would probably have still been a great man.

2. He had learned to read another language. He had found out that he had two eyes, and had learned how to use them. The rocks about the Firth of Cromarty were waiting for just such a pair of eyes to read their open secrets. Thousands of boys had played about those rocks, and thousands of men had fished and spread their nets and loitered there, but no one of them all had read the riddle of the stones till Hugh Miller came.

3. The boy used to go down to the beach with his uncle Sandy when the tide was low, and look at the ripples left in the sand by the water. He would gather shells half buried in the sand, and sea-weed lying upon it. His uncle had eyes that saw, too—it seemed to run in the family—and he helped little Hugh to see the wonderful life of the sea-shore, and to think about what he saw. These lessons, far more than any thing he had read in books, helped him in after life, though he was a great reader of books, too.

4. When Hugh grew to be a tall, lanky boy, he chose his work in life; he chose to be a mason. His

work lay in a quarry near Cromarty, close by his beloved sea. One day, as the men were lifting up the great slabs of sandstone, Hugh saw some markings on the piece of rock laid bare. These were the old familiar ripple-marks in the solid stone, just such marks as he had often seen on the sandy beach. He did not say, "How strange!" and then forget all about it. He began to think and to ask himself questions. Could it be that this was an old sea-beach? How could it be, under those tons and tons of solid rock? The answer came to his questions after a while.

5. Strewn along the water's edge, washed up by the waves, were curious, roundish pieces of limestone rock. One day, hammer in hand, Hugh strolled along the beach. He struck one of these lumps, and it broke open, showing imbedded in part of the stone a creamy-white shell, beautifully carved, and showing tints of color like the pearly lining of many of our shells. Another and another of these stones were broken open. In some of them he found scales of fishes; in others, fern leaves; in others, again, bits of decayed wood—all in solid stone.

6. Now he could answer his questions. He had found the clew in the rocks, and he never rested until he had followed up this clew, and found, by examining the rocks himself, and by reading about what other men had discovered, how the earth as it is now, had come into being.

Definitions.—2. Fīrth, *an arm of the sea.* Crŏm'ar ty, *a town on the north-eastern coast of Scotland.* 4. Quar'ry, *a place where stones are cut from the earth for building or other purposes.* 6. Clew, *that which guides one in any thing doubtful.*

LESSON 4.

GOD PROVIDETH FOR THE MORROW.

Reginald Heber (Rĕġ'i nald Hē'ber), was born at Malpas (Măl'pȧs), in Cheshire (Chĕsh'ĭre), England, in 1783. He was appointed Bishop of Calcutta in 1823, and died in 1826. He was a man of great learning and energy. He was the author of *From Greenland's Icy Mountains*, the most noted of his *Hymns for the Weekly Service*.

1. Lo! the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to nature's lesson, given
By the blessed birds of heaven!
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy:
"Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow;
God provideth for the morrow.

2. "Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle or the rose?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we poor citizens of air?
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily:
Mortal, flee from doubt and sorrow;
God provideth for the morrow."

Definitions.—1. In strŭc'tion, *teachings*. Tŭft'ed, *adorned with clusters*. Wȧr'blȩ, *utters musically*. Phĭ lŏs'o phy, *knowledge, love of wisdom*. 2. Crĭm'sȯn, *a deep-red color*. Măn'tle, *robe*. Whōle'sȯme, *tending to promote health*. Fâre, *food*. Çĭt'i zenȩ, *those that live in a place or region*. Hōard'ed, *collected in a safe place*. Căr'ol, *to sing in joy*.

LESSON 5.

THANKSGIVING IN THE ARCTIC.

Lieutenant **Frederick Schwatka** was born in Illinois in 1849, and graduated from West Point in 1871. He served in the army until 1878, when he took command of an Arctic expedition, and after an absence of three years returned a famous explorer. He resigned his position in the army in 1885.

1. WE spent two Thanksgivings in the frigid zone. Our first one in northern Hudson Bay found us living like Esquimos in houses built of ice and snow. We had plenty of civilized provisions with us, however, and among them were some canned turkey and chicken, both mixed together, but unfortunately the labels had become wet in the long sea voyage, and had dropped off, so that we could not tell the difference between the true chickens and the chickens put up and labeled as turkey, as one of my party expressed it.

2. We had no place to keep our provisions so as to protect them from the cold, and as the thermometer had been down to 40 degrees below zero, every thing was frozen solid and stiff. In this condition I would defy any one to tell the difference between canned frozen turkey and chicken. It would be like asking a boy to shut his eyes and tell which end of an icicle he was biting upon. So our Thanksgiving turkey was a little bit uncertain.

3. Ē'biēr bing, our Esquimo interpreter, had told all the natives round about that an important day with the white men was about to take place; and as the Esqui-

mos had been in the habit of assembling at our snow-house after meals for such little morsels as they could pick up—generally a small panful of boiled hard bread or sea-crackers well sweetened with molasses—they naturally associated an "important day" with one when they would get a valuable addition to their usual rough rations.

4. The canned turkey, or whatever it was, was placed aside, a nice saddle of reindeer-meat was picked out of the many we had in another snow-house alongside, and a half dozen ptarmigans, or arctic grouse, were gotten ready, being a present from a couple of Esquimo boys, although we did not forget that a present from a savage means that you must give something in return.

5. A huge walrus flipper was allowed to simmer for a whole day in one of the curious little stone kettles of these curious people. This part of the cooking was left with some native women employed for that purpose, and was done in a snow-house not far from ours. Cooked in this manner for so long a time, flipper tastes like some sort of jellied meat, served hot; but as the walrus lives on clams, the flavor of clam is the foremost in this dish. To those of my readers who live along the sea-coast and delight in clam-bakes and clam-chowders, I am sure walrus flipper would not prove an unacceptable dish.

6. A big sirloin of seal was fixed up as a roast, and we did not forget to have a steak or two from the round of a musk-ox, and as this is sometimes called the musk-sheep, we dressed it as mutton with capers. Two large arctic salmon, caught by these

fishermen of the frigid zone, through ice four or five feet thick, and looking like wooden Indian clubs—they were frozen so stiff—were dressed for the meal.

7. None of our native hunters had been successful in killing a polar bear in time, so we had to do without this kind of arctic food; but when I tasted it, some months afterward, I was perfectly willing to admit that we had lost no great luxury. In the winter time the bears are as lean as a knife-blade; in the summer they live on seals which are not very fresh, and then a person wants to go without his breakfast and lunch to partake of bear-meat for dinner and enjoy it.

8. Such was our bill of fare, and enough there was for both white men and Esquimos, though the latter thought that the best part of it all was the boiled crackers. This, washed down with tea or coffee, made our Esquimo friends give great grunts of thanksgiving in "Ma-mook-poo! Ma-mook-poo-u-ad-lo!" (good! very good!) and no doubt wished that Thanksgiving came seven days in the week, and at least twice a day. After the dinner was over, for which our Esquimos gave more thanks than for any other part of the proceedings, they slowly dispersed to their snow-houses in the village that was clustered around ours as a center, and turning in between their warm robes or reindeer-skins, dreamed away the rest of the day while the white men tried to spend the day as they would in more civilized lands.

Definitions.—1. Çĭv'il ĭzed, *brought from a cultivated country.* 4. Săd'dle, *a piece of the animal including a part of the back and ribs.* 5. Flĭp'per, *leg.* 8. Dis pẽrsed', *scattered.*

LESSON 6.

THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY.

1. WHAT flower is this that greets the morn,
Its hues from Heaven so freshly born?
With burning star and flaming band
It kindles all the sunset land:
O tell us what its name may be,—
Is this the Flower of Liberty?
It is the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

2. In savage Nature's far abode
Its tender seed our fathers sowed;
The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud,
Its opening leaves were streaked with blood,
Till lo! earth's tyrants shook to see
The full-blown Flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

3. Behold its streaming rays unite,
One mingling flood of braided light,—
The red that fires the Southern rose,
With spotless white from Northern rose,
And, spangled o'er its azure, see
The sister Stars of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

4. The blades of heroes fence it round,
Where'er it springs is holy ground;
From tower and dome its glories spread;
It waves where lonely sentries tread;
It makes the land as ocean free,
And plants an empire on the sea!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

5. Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,
Shall ever float on dome and tower,
To all their heavenly colors true,
In blackening frost or crimson dew,—
And God love us as we love thee,
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Definitions.—2. Tȳ'rant, *cruel master.* 3. Brāid'ed, *mingled.* Spăn'gled, *sprinkled.* Ăz'ure, *the blue of the banner.* 4. Sĕn'tries, *soldiers on guard.* Ĕm'pire, *supreme control.*

LESSON 7.

OBEDIENCE.

1. At the siege of Gibraltar, General Eliott suddenly came upon a German soldier standing at his post silent and still, who neither held his musket in his right hand nor presented arms when his commander approached.

2. Struck with this neglect, and unable to account for it, the general exclaimed, "Do you know me, sentinel? Why do you neglect your duty?"

3. The soldier answered, respectfully, "I know you well, general, and my duty also; but two of the fingers of my right hand have just been shot off, and I can not hold my musket."

4. "Why do you not go and have them bound up?" asked the general. "Because," answered the

soldier, "in Germany a man is forbidden to quit his post until he is relieved."

5. The general instantly dismounted from his horse and held out his hand, saying, "Give me your musket, and I will relieve you, while you get your wound attended to."

6. The soldier obeyed, but went first to the nearest guard-house, where he told that the general stood at his post; and not till then did he get his bleeding hand dressed.

7. This injury completely unfitted the soldier for active service; but the report of it having reached England, whither he had been sent, King George III. expressed a wish to see him, and made him an officer.

Definitions.—1. Gĭ brạl'tar, *a fortified town at the entrance of the Strait of Gibraltar.* Gĕn'er al, *one of the chief military officers of an army.* Com mănd'er, *the chief officer of an army.* 2. Sĕn'ti nel, *a soldier who watches or guards a place.* 4. Reliēved', *released from duty to another.* 7. Sĕrv'ĭçe, *performance of duty.*

Note.—1. *At the siege of Gibraltar.* A most memorable siege, which took place during the years 1779–1783 between the English and the allied French and Spanish forces. The English were victorious, and the place still remains in their hands. It is regarded as the strongest fortress in the world. *Gen. George Augustus Eliott,* who conducted the defence, was one of the noblest men produced by England in the eighteenth century. He died in 1790.

The teacher should supplement this lesson with similar stories, and should require the pupils to reproduce the stories in writing.

LESSON 8.

KITTY.

The author of this selection, Mrs. **A. D. Greene-Robinson**, better known as Marion Douglas, has contributed several volumes of children's verses to the literature of the day. One of the best known is *Picture Poems for Young Folks*, published in 1871.

1. ALAS! little Kitty—do give her your pity!—
Had lived seven years, and was never called pretty!
Her hair was bright red, and her eyes were dull blue,
And her cheeks were so freckled
They looked like the speckled
Wild-lilies, which down in the meadow-lands grew.
If her eyes had been black, if she'd only had curls,
She had been, so she thought, the most happy of girls.

2. Her cousins around her they pouted and fretted,
But they were all pretty, and they were all petted;
While poor little Kitty, though striving her best
To do her child's-duty,
Not sharing their beauty,
Was always neglected and never caressed.
All in vain, so she thought, was she loving and true,
While her hair was bright red, and her eyes were dull blue.

3. But one day, alone, 'mid the clover-blooms sitting,
She heard a strange sound, as of wings round her flitting;
A light not of sunbeams, a fragrance more sweet
Than the winds blowing over
The red-blossomed clover,
Made her thrill with delight from her head to her feet;
And a voice, sweet and rare, whispered low in the air,
"See that beautiful, beautiful child sitting there!"

4. Thrice-blessed little Kitty! She almost looked pretty;
Beloved by the angels, she needed no pity.
O juvenile charmers! with shoulders of snow,
Ruby lips, sunny tresses,—
Forms made for caresses,—
There's one thing, my beauties!—'t is well you should know:
Though the world is in love with bright eyes and soft hair,
It is only good children the angels call fair.

Definitions.—1. Frĕck'led, *covered with spots of a yellowish color.* Spĕck'led, *marked with small spots.* 2. Ca rĕssed', *treated with fondness.* 3. Flĭt'ting, *moving swiftly.* 4. Thrīçe, *three times.* Jū've nīle, *young.* Rụ'by, *bright and red.* Ăn'ġel, *a ministering spirit.*

Questions.—Why was Kitty never petted by her friends? How did she feel their neglect? What is the meaning of the last part of the third stanza? Do you know such a girl as the poet describes?

LESSON 9.

THE VINE AND THE OAK.

Henry Rowe Schoolcraft was born in Guilderland, New York, in 1793. Most of his life was spent in studying the history of the Indian tribes of America, and his numerous books on this subject have become standard authorities. The following selection is taken from *Algic Researches*, a collection of Indian legends. He died in Washington in 1864.

1. A VINE was growing beside a thrifty oak, and had just reached that height at which it requires support. "Oak," said the vine, "bend your trunk so that you may be a support to me."

2. "My support," replied the oak, "is naturally yours, and you may rely on my strength to bear you up; but I am too large and too solid to bend. Put your arms around me, my pretty vine, and I will manfully support and cherish you, if you have an ambition to climb as high as the clouds.

3. "While I thus hold you up, you will ornament my rough trunk with your pretty green leaves and shining scarlet berries. We were made by the Master of life to grow together, that by our union the weak may be made strong, and the strong render aid to the weak."

4. "But I wish to grow independently," said the vine; "why can not you twine around me, and let me grow up straight, and not be a mere dependent on you?"

5. "Nature," answered the oak, "did not so design it. It is impossible that you should grow to any height alone; and if you try it, the winds and

the rain, if not your own weight, will bring you to the ground.

6. "Neither is it proper for you to run your arms hither and thither among the trees. They will say, 'It is not my vine—it is a stranger—get thee gone; I will not cherish thee!' By this time thou wilt be so entangled among the different branches that thou canst not get back to the oak, and nobody will then admire thee or pity thee."

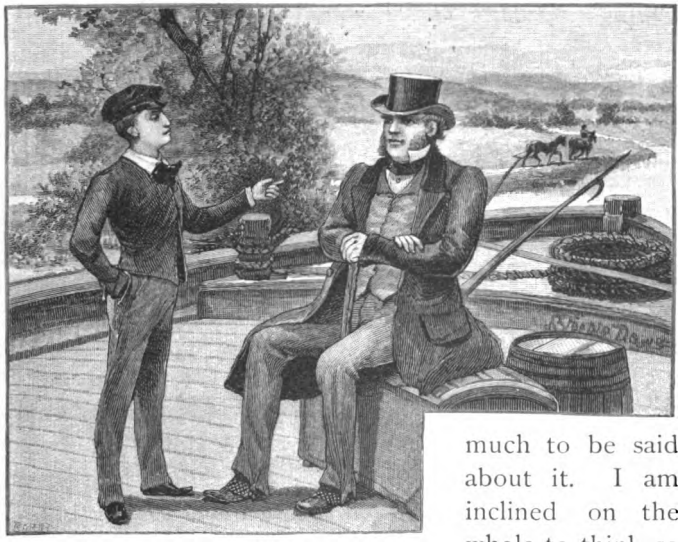
7. "Ah, me," said the vine, "let me escape from such a destiny;" and she twined herself around the oak, and they grew and flourished happily together.

Definitions.—1. Thrĭft'y, *growing rapidly.* Sup pōrt', *that which keeps something from falling.* 2. Am bĭ'tion, *eager desire.* 3. Ôr'na ment, *to beautify or decorate.* Scär'let, *orange-red color.* 4. In de pĕnd'ent ly, *without help or control.* De pĕnd'ent, *one who is supported or sustained by another.* 5. De sīgn', *to intend.* 6. En tăn'gled, *interwoven so as not to be easily separated.*

LESSON 10.

IF I WERE A BOY.

1. If I were a boy again, and knew what I know now, I would not be quite so positive in my opinions as I used to be. Boys generally think that they are very certain about many things. A boy of fifteen is a great deal more sure of what he thinks he knows than a man of fifty. You ask the boy a question and he will answer you right off, up and down; he knows all about it. Ask a man of large experience and ripe wisdom the same question, and he will say, "Well there is



much to be said about it. I am inclined on the whole to think so and so, but other intelligent men think otherwise."

2. When I was eight years old, I traveled from Central Massachusetts to Western New York, crossing the river at Albany, and going by canal from Schenectady to Syracuse. On the canal-boat a kindly gentleman was talking to me one day, and I mentioned the fact that I had crossed the *Connecticut* River at Albany. How I got it in my head that it was the Connecticut River, I do not know, for I knew my geography very well then; but in some unaccountable way I had it fixed in my mind that the river at Albany was the Connecticut, and I called it so.

3. "Why," said the gentleman, "that is the Hudson River." "Oh, no sir!" I replied, politely, but

firmly. "You're mistaken. That is the Connecticut River."

4. The gentleman smiled and said no more. I was not much in the habit, I think, of contradicting my elders; but in this matter I was perfectly sure that I was right, and so I thought it my duty to correct the gentleman's geography. I felt rather sorry for him that he should be so ignorant. One day, after I reached home, I was looking over my route on the map, and lo! there was Albany standing on the Hudson River, a hundred miles from Connecticut.

5. Then I did not feel half so sorry for the gentleman's ignorance as I did for my own. I never told anybody that story until I wrote it down on these pages the other day; but I have thought of it a thousand times, and always with a blush for my boldness. Nor was it the only time that I was perfectly sure of things that really were not so. It is hard for a boy to learn that he may be mistaken; but, unless he is a fool, he learns it after a while. The sooner he finds it out, the better for him.

6. If I were a boy, I would not think that I and the boys of my time were an exception to the general rule—a new kind of boys, unlike all who have lived before, having different feelings and different ways. To be honest, I must own that I used to think so myself. I was quite inclined to reject the counsel of my elders by saying to myself, "That may have been well enough for boys thirty or fifty years ago, but it isn't the thing for me and my set of boys." But that was nonsense. The boys of one generation are not different from the boys of another generation.

7. If we say that boyhood lasts fifteen or sixteen years, I have known three generations of boys, some of them city boys and some of them country boys, and they all are substantially alike — so nearly alike that the old rules of industry and patience and perseverance and self-control are as applicable to one generation as to another. The fact is, that what your fathers and teachers have found by experience to be good for boys will be good for you; and what their experience has taught them will be bad for boys, will be bad for you. You are just boys, nothing more nor less.

LESSON 11.

CHILDHOOD'S CROWN.

1. THE cows are lowing along the lane,
The sheep to the fold have come;
And the mother looks from the cottage door,
To see how the night comes over the moor,
And calls the children home.

2. Their feet are bare in the dusty road,
Their cheeks are tawny and red;
They have waded the shallows below the mill,
They have gathered wild roses up the hill,
A crown for each tangled head.

3. The days will come, and the days will go,
And life hath many a crown,
But none that will press upon manhood's brow
As light as the roses resting now
On the children's foreheads brown.

Definitions.—1. Lōw'ing, *bellowing.* Mo͝or, *land having a poor, light soil covered with heath, and sometimes marshy.* 2. Tąw'ny, *of a dull, yellowish-brown color.* Crown, *any ornament encircling the head.* 3. Brow, *the forehead.*

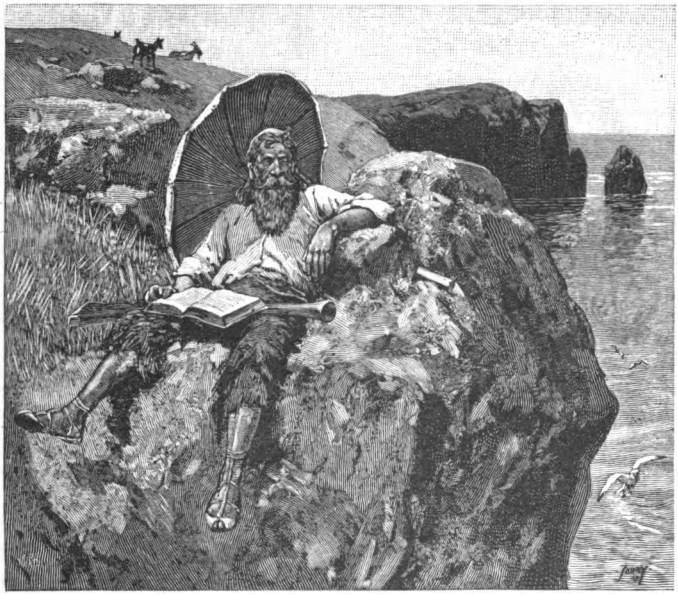
Questions.—What does this lesson teach? What is the meaning of the third line of the second verse? Can you tell what country is referred to by reading the first stanza? What have the children gone after?

LESSON 12.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

1. It is generally supposed that Defoe was led to write "Robinson Crusoe" by reading the true story of Alexander Selkirk, a sailor who lived alone on the island of Juan Fernandez four years and four months. The story of this man was made public by Captain Rogers in 1712,—seven years before Robinson Crusoe was published.

2. Captain Rogers visited the island of Juan Fernandez in February, 1709, and there found Selkirk—a wild-looking man, clothed in goat-skins. He had been left on the island by the captain of the vessel in which he sailed, but was provided with clothes and bedding, a gun, some powder and balls, a hatchet, a



knife, a kettle, a compass, and a few books, among which was a Bible.

3. He built two huts, covering them with long grass and lining them with goat-skins. Fire was obtained by rubbing two pieces of dry wood together. He cooked in one hut and slept in the other. Much of his time was spent in reading, singing psalms, and prayer. "I was a better Christian on my lone island," said he, "than I had ever been before."

4. Fishes were plentiful and easily caught, but a fish diet did not agree with him,—so he lived mainly on the flesh of goats. When his powder was gone, he caught the goats by running them down. Once he nearly lost his life in chasing a goat—for he caught

hold of it on the brink of a precipice, and he and the goat fell over it together.

5. When he came to his senses, he found the goat lying under him, killed by the fall. He could not stir from the spot for twenty-four hours. His shoes were soon worn out, but he managed to get along very well, his feet becoming quite hard.

6. Cats and rats were very troublesome at first, for the rats would gnaw his feet, and the cats stole his food; but he tamed the cats by kindness, and they drove the rats away. When his clothes were worn out, he made others of goat-skins, his needle being a nail. He made a knife out of an iron hoop which he ground sharp on a stone.

7. It was fortunate for Selkirk that the climate of the island was mild. The trees and grass were green all the year round. There were great rains in June and July — the winter months — but not much cold weather. The summer was not very hot, and there was but little thunder and lightning.

8. The rats were the most troublesome creatures on the island; there were no serpents, and no large beasts of prey. The goats had been put on the island by a Spaniard, who lived there for a time, but went afterwards to the main-land of Chili.

9. In October, 1711, Selkirk set foot on the shore of his native land. After his return, he often said that the world and all its enjoyments could not restore to him the peace of his lonely life on the island. "I am now," said he, "worth eight hundred pounds, but I shall never be so happy as when I was not worth a farthing."

10. The island of Juan Fernandez is about eighteen miles long and nine miles wide, and is very mountainous. The mountains, however, are covered with a heavy growth of woods, and between them are valleys clothed with verdure and watered by numerous springs and streams.

Definitions.—2. Cŏm'pass, *an instrument used in determining directions on the earth's surface.* 4. Brĭnk, *edge of a steep place.* 7. Clī'mate, *condition of a place in relation to heat, moisture, etc.* 9. Fär'thing, *an English coin worth half a cent in our money.* 10. Vĕrd'ūre, *green, freshness of vegetation.*

Notes.—1. *Defoe* (De fō'), a noted English writer, born in 1661, and died in 1731. 2. *Juan Fernandez* (Jū'an Fer năn'dez), an island in the Pacific Ocean, west of Chili, to which country it belongs. 8. *Chili* (Chĭ'li), an enterprising South American Republic, on the west coast.

For a description of Robinson Crusoe, his house and dress, see McGuffey's Revised Fourth Reader, page 144.

LESSON 13.

FOREST SONG.

1. A SONG for the beautiful trees!
   A song for the forest grand,
   The Garden of God's own Land,
   The pride of his centuries.
   Hurra! for the kingly oak,
   For the maple, the sylvan queen,
   For the lords of the emerald cloak,
   For the ladies in living green.

2. For the beautiful trees a song,
The peers of a glorious realm,
The linden, the ash, and the elm,
The poplar stately and strong.
Hurra! for the beech-tree trim,
For the hickory stanch at core,
For the locust thorny and grim,
For the silvery sycamore.

3. A song for the palm,—the pine,
And for every tree that grows
From the desolate zone of snows
To the zone of the burning line.
Hurra! for the warders proud
Of the mountain-side and vale,
That challenge the thunder-cloud,
And buffet the stormy gale.

4. A song for the forest aisled,
With its gothic roof sublime,
The solemn temple of Time,
Where man becometh a child,
As he lists to the anthem-roll
Of the wind in the solitude,
The hymn which telleth his soul
That God is the voice of the wood.

5. So long as the rivers flow,
So long as the mountains rise,
May the forest sing to the skies,
And shelter the earth below.

Hurra! for the beautiful trees,
Hurra! for the forest grand,
The pride of his centuries,
The Garden of God's own Land.

Definitions.—1. Sȳl'van, *rural, rustic.* Ĕm'er ald, *green.* 2. Stânch, *sound, firm.* 3. Dĕs'o late, *uninhabited.* Wą̇rd'erş, *guards.* Chăl'lenġe, *defy.* Bŭf'fet, *contend against.* 4. Aĭsled, *furnished with paths.* Gŏth'ic, *with high pointed arches.* Ăn'them, *any church music adapted to passages from the Scriptures.*

Questions.—What trees are mentioned in this lesson? Can you tell where each grows? In stanza three, what is meant by "the zone of the burning line"? Why does the poet have something pleasant to say of all the trees?

LESSON 14.

CHILDREN'S PRATTLE.

Hans Christian Andersen, the author of this selection, was born at Odense (Ō'dense), in the island of Funen (Fū'nen), Denmark, April 2, 1805. He wrote several novels and many fairy tales. His works are very popular, and have been translated into most of the modern European languages. He died in 1875.

1. At a rich man's house there was a children's party, and the children of rich and great people were there. The merchant was a learned man, for his father had sent him to college, and he had passed his examination.

2. His father had been at first a cattle-dealer, and being always honest and industrious, had made

money, and his son, the merchant, had managed to increase his store. Clever as he was, he had also a heart; but there was less said of his heart than of his money.

3. Now it was a children's party, and there was children's prattle, which is always spoken from the heart. Among the merry guests was a beautiful little girl, who was very proud; but pride had been taught her by the servants, and not by her parents.

4. Her father was groom of the chambers, which is a high office at court, and she knew it. "I am a child of the court," she said. Now, she might just as well have been a child of the cellar, for no one can help his birth.

5. "Those whose names end with 'sen,'" said she, "can never be any thing at all. We must put our arms akimbo, and make the elbows quite pointed, so as to keep these 'sen' people at a great distance." And she stuck out her pretty little arms, and made her elbows quite pointed, to show how it was to be done.

6. But the little daughter of the merchant became very angry at this speech, for her father's name was Petersen, and she knew that the name ended in "sen," and therefore she said, as proudly as she could, "But my papa can buy a hundred dollars' worth of sugar-plums, and give them away to the children. Can your papa do that?"

7. "And my papa," said the little daughter of an editor, "my papa can put your papa and everybody's papa in the newspaper. All sorts of people are afraid of him, my mamma says, for he can do as

he likes with the paper." And the little maiden looked exceedingly proud, as if she had been a real princess.

8. But outside the door, which stood ajar, was a poor boy peeping through the crack of the door. He was of such a lowly station that he had not been allowed even to enter the room.

9. He had been helping the cook, and she had given him permission to stand behind the door and peep in at the well-dressed children who were having such a merry time within. "Oh, if I could be one of them," thought he, and then he heard what was said about names, which was quite enough to make him more unhappy.

10. His parents at home had not even a penny to spare to buy a newspaper, much less could they write for one; and worse than all, his father's name, and of course his own, ended in "sen," and therefore he could never turn out well, which was a very sad thought.

11. Many years passed, and most of the children had become grown up persons. There stood a splendid house in the town, filled with all kinds of beautiful and valuable objects. Every body wished to see it, and people even came in from the country round to be permitted to view the treasures it contained.

12. Which of the children, whose parents we have described, could call this house his own? One would suppose it very easy to guess. No, no; it is not so very easy. The house belonged to the poor little boy who had stood on that night behind the door. He had really become something great, although his name ended in "sen"—for it was Thorwaldsen (Tor wald'sen).

13. The other children were respected in the world, for they had been well provided for by birth and position. Nor had they cause to reproach themselves with what they had spoken on that evening long ago; for, after all, it was mere children's prattle.

Definitions.—4. Cōurt, *the collection of persons attending a king.* 5. A kĭm′bo, *with the hands on the hips and the elbows turned outward.* 8. Stā′tion, *condition of life.*

LESSON 15.

MOONLIGHT.

1. THE cottage roof was brown and bare,
That now is white as drifted snow;
And glistens like a river fair
The dusty road below.

2. Wherever falls the moon's soft beam,
It colors with its own pure light,
And flower, and field, and wood, and stream
Must wear it through the night.

3. So cheerful hearts have meekly lent
To common things of toil and care
The color of their own content,
And made them bright and fair.

4. So spirits subject to God's will,
Take all he sends with grateful praise;
Dark though it be, they see it still
Reflecting love's bright rays.

LESSON 16.

THE FARMER AND THE FOX.

James Anthony Froude (Frōōd) was born at Totness (Tŏt'-ness), in Devonshire (Dĕv'on shir), England, in 1818. His best known and most popular work is *A History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth.* The following selection is adapted from *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, which appeared in 1867, consisting of essays reprinted from the various periodicals to which Mr. Froude contributed.

1. A FARMER, whose poultry-yard had suffered severely from the foxes, succeeded at last in catching one in a trap. "Ah, you rascal!" said he, as he saw him struggling, "I'll teach you to steal my fat geese!—you shall hang on the tree yonder, and your brothers shall see what comes of thieving! You will be a most excellent example!"

2. The farmer was twisting a halter to do what he threatened, when the fox, whose tongue had helped him in hard pinches before, thought there could be no harm in trying whether it might not do him one more good turn.

3. "You will hang me," he said, "to frighten my brother foxes. On the word of a fox, they won't care a rabbit-skin for it; they'll come and look at me, but you may depend upon it, they will dine at your expense before they go home again."

4. "Then I shall hang you for yourself, as a rogue and a rascal," said the farmer.

5. "I am only what nature chose to make me," the fox answered. "I didn't make myself." "You stole my geese," said the man.

6. "Why did nature make me like geese, then?" said the fox. "Live and let live; give me my share, and I won't touch yours: but you keep them all to yourself."

7. "I don't understand your fine talk," answered the farmer; "but I know that you are a thief, and that you deserve to be hanged."

8. "His head is too thick to let me catch him so," thought the fox; "I wonder if his heart is any softer! You are taking away the life of a fellow-creature," he said; "that's a responsibility—life is a curious thing, and who knows what comes after it?

9. "You say I am a rogue—I say I am not; but at any rate, I ought not to be hanged—for if I am not, I don't deserve it; and if I am, you should give me time to repent! I have him now," thought the fox; "let him get out if he can."

10. "Why, what would you have me do with you?" said the man.

11. "My notion is that you should let me go, and give me a lamb, or goose or two, every month, and then I could live without stealing; but perhaps you know better, and I am a rogue; my education may have been neglected; you should shut me up, and take care of me, and teach me. Who knows but in the end I may turn into a dog? Stranger things than this have happened."

12. "Very pretty," said the farmer; "we have dogs enough, and more, too, than we can take care of, without you. No, no, Master Fox, I have caught you, and I am determined that you shall swing, what-

ever is the logic of it. There will be one rogue less in the world, anyhow."

13. "It is mere hate and unchristian vengeance," said the fox.

14. "No, friend," the farmer answered; "I don't hate you, and I don't want to revenge myself on you; but you and I can't get on together, and I think I am of more importance in this world than you. If nettles and thistles grow in my cabbage-garden, I don't try to persuade them to grow into cabbages. I just dig them up.

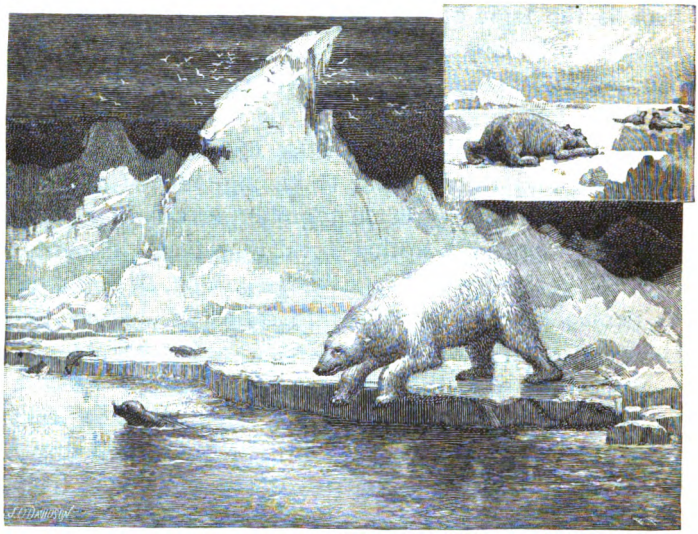
15. "I don't hate them; on the contrary, I feel a sense of pity for them. But I feel somehow that they must n't hinder me with my cabbages, and that I must put them away; and so, my poor friend, I am sorry for you, but I am afraid you must swing."

Definitions.—1. Pōult'ry, *domestic fowls.* 2. Pĭnch'eş, *difficulties.* 8. Re spŏn si bĭl'i ty, *something for which one is answerable.* 12. Lŏğ'ie, *reasoning.* 13. Vĕnğe'ançe, *punishment inflicted in return for injury.* 14. Re vĕnğe', *to inflict injury in a spiteful spirit.*

Language Exercise.—From this lesson the children may be taught the use of the different forms of the personal pronouns. Require sentences to be written, in each one of which a different form of the personal pronoun is to be used.

Many sentences should be written to give practice in using the correct form with the different forms of the verb "to be." The idea of the first, second, and third persons may be developed. The reasons for the use of pronouns instead of the nouns for which they stand should be explained.

But the principal object should be to enable the children to use the different forms of the personal pronoun correctly in oral and written speech.



LESSON 17.

THE WHITE BEAR.

1. THE polar bear has quite a varied diet, depending on the season and his whereabouts. If near a country whose waters abound in seals, here is his main sustenance; and the cleverness he displays in catching seals is wonderful, for the Eskimo considers the seal the wariest and slyest game in his country, and especially in the summer time, when the polar bear secures the most.

2. When a seal comes up through the thick ice, on a pleasant summer day, he is quite wary at first. He stretches himself for a comfortable snooze on the ice,

so close to his hole that the slightest motion of his body will send him over the slippery edge; when with a stroke or two of his fins, and a splash of his tail, he is out of sight beneath the ice again.

3. Having kept a sharp lookout in every direction for a number of minutes, and seeing nothing suspicious, he allows his heavy head to fall on the ice to take a nap; but they are short naps indeed, and every two or three minutes he raises his head and surveys the surroundings for probable mischief.

4. The polar bear, seeing these movements from the top of some high hummock of ice, crawls stealthily on his prey, taking advantage as much as possible of every little piece of rough ice to conceal his figure, already well protected by his white coat on the ice. Having got as near as he possibly can by such methods, he lies flat on the ice and commences "hitching" himself along by short, spasmodic actions, watching the seal keenly all the while.

5. Should he look up from his slumbers, the bear remains as motionless as a piece of ice, for which he hopes to be taken, until the seal throws his head down again, when the bear once more commences "hitching" forward.

6. By this series of very slow and laborious creepings, he manages to get within from ten to twenty feet of his victim. Watching his best opportunity, when the seal is in the midst of one of his short slumbers, he makes a quick rush, striking him over the head with his paw, and grasping him by the neck with his teeth. A single miscalculation in this scheme, and the seal is below the ice through his

hole, dashing a mass of spray in Mr. Bruin's face with his tail.

7. Should the seal have crawled up on the edge of an ice-floe from the water, and attempt to escape thereto, the bear being close upon him, the latter will not hesitate—so the Eskimos say—to dive after the seal. Although in the water the seal is his superior in activity, occasionally the bear is rewarded with his prey by a lucky snap of his jaws.

8. The polar bear is credited with killing walrus; but I think he never attacks any but the smaller ones in a fair combat, so much larger is the walrus than his bearship.

9. The Eskimos claim—and I think their story is true—that the polar bear has been known to take a stone or a huge piece of ice in his fore-paws, and from a favorable altitude—the side of an iceberg or the top of a cliff—hurl this missile with such certainty as to cause it to alight on a walrus's head, and so stun it that its capture becomes easy afterwards.

Definitions.—1. Sŭs'te nançe, *food.* Ĕs'ki moş, *Indians inhabiting Greenland and Arctic America.* Wā'ri est, *most watchful.* Ĕlĕv'er ness, *skill.* 4. Hŭm'mock, *a ridge or pile.* Stĕalth'i ly, *slyly.* Spaş mŏd'ic, *quick and sudden.* 6. Mis căl cu lā'tion, *wrong estimate.* Schēme, *plan.* 7. Içe'-flōe, *a mass of floating ice.* 9. Ăl'ti tūde, *height.* Mĭs'sĭle, *a thing to be thrown.*

Questions.—Where is the polar bear found? What is his main diet? How does he catch the seal? Why does the bear rarely attack the walrus? By what means has he been known to secure a dinner?

LESSON 18.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

By **Henry Wadsworth Longfellow**, an eminent poet, who was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. His writings in prose and verse are very popular at home and abroad. He died in 1882.

1. BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

2. I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

3. From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

4. A whisper and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

5. A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall,—
By three doors left unguarded,
They enter my castle wall.

6. They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me:
They seem to be every-where.

7. They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me intwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

8. Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

9. I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

10. And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away.

Definitions.—1. Low'er, *become dark.* Oc cu pā'tion, *business of one's life.* 5. Rāid, *a sudden invasion.* 6. Tŭr'ret, *a little tower.* 8. Ban dĭt'ti, *robbers.* 9. Dŭn'ġeon, *a dark place of confinement.*

Note.—7. *Bishop of Bingen* (Bĭnḡ'en). An old German legend relates that Bishop Hatto selfishly stored enormous quantities of grain in a castle on the Rhine, in times of famine, and that the rats broke through the walls and devoured him.

LESSON 19.—PART 1.

THE THREE BOYS.

1. ONE day, three boys were walking together towards Arnheim, in Guelderland. The king was to visit Arnheim that day, and there was to be a fine display of fireworks.

2. "I can't agree with you, Fritz," said Andries; "I say it is impossible always to do what is right;" and he picked up a stone and threw it at some sparrows.

3. "Don't throw stones at the poor sparrows," said Piet. "It is cruel. Let them alone." "Indeed!" said Andries, making a very wry face.

4. "Look!" said Piet, a little while afterwards. "Look! do you see that stork-nest on the top of the tree?" "Where?" asked Andries, looking up. "Oh, yes, I see!" he cried, picking up a stone.

5. "Don't," said Piet, knocking the stone out of Andries's hand. "What is it to you?" said Andries in an angry voice; "mind your own business, sir!"

6. "For shame!" cried Fritz. "What cruelty! Throwing stones at those poor creatures."

7. Soon the crying of a child was heard. Not far from the road, they saw a little girl sitting on the grass under a bush, weeping.

8. "Mamma!" cried the child, sobbing. "Where is your mamma?" asked Fritz. The child made no answer, but cried more and more.

9. "Where is your mother? Tell us!" cried Andries, stamping impatiently on the ground. The

child was frightened by the rough manner of the boy, and cried louder. The only words she said were "Mamma! mamma!"

10. Piet seated himself beside her on the grass, and taking her little hand in his, asked her kindly, "Will you come with me?"

11. "You can't go to Arnheim, then," said Andries. "You 'll lose the king's procession and all." "True," said Fritz. "It 's late already; we must make haste."

12. "But we must not leave this child alone," said Piet. "Nonsense!" replied Andries; "she 'll find her way somehow. I 'm off!" "And so am I," said Fritz.

13. "But we can not leave the poor thing alone," resumed Piet. "If it grows dark, she must lie here all night. Would you like it if you were such a little child?" "Good-by," said the boys—and off they went.

14. Piet remained sitting by the side of the crying child. He looked around hoping to see some one, and noticed a farm-house at a distance.

15. "I 'll take the child there," said he. "Come, baby, I will take you to your mamma." "Mamma!" repeated the child, sobbing. "I tell you what," he said, "I 'll carry you."

PART 2.

1. No sooner did Piet approach the farm-house than a nicely-dressed lady, who was coming up a lane, uttered a loud cry, and hastened to take the child.

She kissed her little one again and again, amidst tears of joy.

2. Meanwhile a gentleman came up from another lane, and behind him the farmer. The gentleman took Piet by the hand, and said, "My little man, you have been the cause of much joy. Where did you find her?"

3. "Yonder, by a fir-bush," answered Piet. He blushed deeply, for he had never spoken to such a fine gentleman before. "And have you carried her all the way?" asked the mother. "She must have been a heavy burden to you, my boy. You must be very tired."

4. "I often carry a bag of rye to mill," replied Piet, "and that's heavier, ma'am." Piet did not feel at all tired after being thanked so kindly. "Take this, and buy something for yourself," said the gentleman, holding out a gold coin.

5. "No, thank you," answered Piet; "I shall not take any thing." "Why not, my boy?" "It was my duty, sir, to take care of the child. I am glad I have found you so soon. I think I may still get to Arnheim in time."

6. "So you want to go to Arnheim to see the king and the procession. That's very lucky. We are going to drive there. You can sit on the box with the driver." Of course Piet had not the slightest objection to riding to Arnheim in this grand style.

7. While the horses were being harnessed, Piet was taken into the farm-house and given a glass of milk and a large bun. Piet and the little girl were soon very good friends, and he had nearly forgotten about

the procession when he was told that the carriage was ready. What a luxury! Piet had never sat so high in his life. And what speed!

8. They had driven scarcely half an hour when they overtook the two boys, just entering Arnheim. "Fritz and Andries! how do you do?" cried Piet, waving his cap. The lads looked up with an expression of surprise on their faces; but the carriage drove on under the flags and wreaths, and was soon out of sight.

9. That evening the three boys were walking home by moonlight. "Did you see any thing?" asked Fritz, looking at Andries. "Not a thing," was the reply. "The crowd was so great that I could not even see the king's carriage. Oh, how hungry I am." "I did not see any thing either," said Fritz; "did you, Piet?"

10. "Yes; I saw every thing—the king, the guard

of honor, the dragoons, the royal carriage—in short, every thing. I sat on the box, the driver explained things I did n't understand, and the gentleman every now and then handed me some cakes. Look here! he gave me this silver watch."

11. Fritz and Andries looked at each other, and were silent. I wonder what they thought. Let us hope that Piet's good example was not lost on them.

Definitions.—Part I: 3. Wrȳ, *indicating impatience.* 11. Proçĕs'sion, *a train of people moving in order.* 13. Re ģūmed', *began again.* Part II: 3. Bûr'den, *load.* 7. Här'nessed, *made ready to draw the carriage.* Bŭn, *a sweet cake.* Lŭx'ū ry, *any thing delightful to the senses.* 10. Dra ģōōn', *soldiers that fight either on horseback or on foot.*

Notes.—1. *Guelderland,* a province in the Netherlands. *Arnheim,* the capital city of Guelderland.

LESSON 20.

ADVICE TO BOYS.

1. WHATEVER you are, be brave;
The liar's a coward and slave;
Though clever at ruses,
And sharp at excuses,
He 's a sneaking and pitiful knave.

2. Whatever you are, be frank;
'T is better than money and rank;
Still cleave to the right,
Be lovers of light,
Be open, above-board, and frank.

3. Whatever you are, be kind;
Be gentle in manner and mind;
The man gentle in mien,
Words, and temper, I ween,
Is the gentleman truly refined.

Definitions.—1. Pĭt'i fụl, *contemptible.* Knāve, *a dishonest person.* 2. Ꞓlēave, *to hold fast.* 3. Miēn, *manner, appearance.* Wēen, *to think.* Re fīned', *pure or elegant.*

Questions.—What does the poet say makes a gentleman? Is this your idea of one? Did you ever see a gentleman who did not possess the qualities mentioned? Explain the meaning of "above-board" in stanza two.

LESSON 21.

AN INFANT'S PERIL.

1. A PEASANT with his wife and three children, had taken up his summer quarters in a châlet, and was pasturing his flocks on one of the rich Alps which overhang the Durance (Du rançe'). The oldest boy was an idiot, about eight years of age; the second was five years old, and dumb; the youngest was an infant.

2. It so happened that the infant was left one morning in the charge of his brothers, and the three had rambled to some distance from the châlet before they were missed. When the mother went in search of the little wanderers, she found the two elder, but could discover no trace of the babe.

3. The idiot boy seemed in a transport of joy, while the dumb child displayed every symptom of alarm and terror. In vain did the terrified parent endeavor to ascertain what had become of the lost infant. The strange actions of the one and the fright of the other explained nothing.

4. The dumb boy was almost bereft of his senses, whilst the idiot danced about, laughed, and made motions as if he were imitating the actions of one who had caught up something of which he was fond, and hugged it to his heart.

5. This, however, was some slight comfort to the poor woman; for she imagined that some acquaintance had fallen in with the children, and had taken away the child. But the day and night wore away, and no tidings of the lost one.

6. On the morrow, when the parents were pursuing their search, an eagle flew over their heads, at the sight of which the idiot renewed his strange actions, and the dumb boy clung to his father with shrieks of anguish and affright.

7. The dreadful truth then burst upon their minds, that the infant had been carried off in the talons of a bird of prey, and that the half-witted boy was delighted at being rid of an object of which he was jealous.

8. On the morning on which the child was lost, a hunter was watching near an eagle's nest, in the hope of shooting the bird. After watching with all the perseverance of a true sportsman, he beheld it flying slowly towards the rock behind which he was concealed.

9. On a nearer approach, he heard the cries and distinguished the figure of an infant in her fatal grasp. The child seemed to be nearly dead, but he determined to save its life if possible. In an instant his plan was formed—to fire at the bird the moment she should alight upon the nest.

10. With a silent prayer for success, and a steady aim, he fired his rifle. The ball went directly through the heart of the eagle, just as she dropped the child into the nest. In a minute afterward the gallant hunter snatched it from the nest and bore it away to his home.

11. It was severely wounded by the eagle's talons, but not mortally; and within twenty-four hours after it was missed, he returned it to its mother's arms.

Definitions.—2. Ça lęt′ (sha lā′), *a mountain hut.* 3. Trăns′-pōrt, *vehement emotion.* 6. Ăn′guish, *distress.* 7. Tăl′ons, *claws.* Jĕal′oŭs, *envious.* 8. Pĕr se vēr′ançe, *persistence.* 11. Môr′tal ly, *deadly.*

Questions.—Why was the peasant's lot a very hard one? How did the parents learn where their baby was? What did they do? Describe in your own language the story of the rescue.

LESSON 22.

SIR ROBIN.

1. ROLLICKING Robin is here again.
What does he care for the April rain?
Care for it? Glad of it. Does n't he know
That the April rain carries off the snow,
And coaxes out leaves to shadow his nest,
And washes his pretty red Easter vest,
And makes the juice of the cherry sweet,
For his hungry little robins to eat?
"Ha! Ha! Ha!" hear the jolly bird laugh.
"That is n't the best of the story, by half!"

2. Gentleman Robin, he walks up and down,
Dressed in orange-tawny and black and brown.
Though his eye is so proud and his step so firm,
He can always stoop to pick up a worm.

With a twist of his head, and a strut and a hop,
To his Robin-wife, in the peach-tree top,
Chirping her heart out, he calls: "My dear,
You don't earn your living! Come here! Come here!
Ha! Ha! Ha! Life is lovely and sweet;
But what would it be if we'd nothing to eat?"

3. Robin, Sir Robin, gay, red-breasted knight,
Now you have come to us, summer's in sight.
You never dream of the wonders you bring,—
Visions that follow the flash of your wing.
How all the beautiful By-and-by
Around you and after you seems to fly!
Sing on, or eat on, as pleases your mind!
Well have you earned every morsel you find.
"Aye! Ha! Ha! Ha!" whistles Robin. "My dear,
Let us all take our own choice of good cheer!"

Definitions.—1. Rŏl'lick ing, *frolicsome.* Ēast'er, *a church festival which celebrates the rising of Christ from the dead.* 3. Knight, *one entitled to be addressed as Sir.* Vĭs'ion, *that which is seen.* Môr'sel, *bit of food.*

Language Exercise.—Write ten nouns in the above lesson. Place before each noun two or three appropriate adjectives; as, The *beautiful, gay, red-breasted* Robin. Make ten sentences, using the word *is* and placing the adjectives after *is;* as, The robin is beautiful, gay, and red-breasted. Let the children observe the use of the commas. Change *is* to *are,* and require the pupils to make the proper change in the noun. The pupils should be required to continue this and similar exercises on several of the subsequent lessons. The office or use of the adjective should be quite fully developed.

LESSON 23.

THE SAVING WIFE.

1. A MANCHESTER calico-printer was persuaded by his wife, on their wedding-day, to allow her a pint of ale a day as her share. He winced under the bargain; for, though he drank much more than two pints of ale a day, he would have preferred a perfectly temperate wife.

2. They both worked hard; and he was seldom out of the public house when not in the factory. He saw little of his wife, but as she kept things neat and tidy, and never asked for more money than he chose to allow her for housekeeping expenses, he never complained.

3. Neither interfered with the other, except that at odd times she succeeded, by one gentle artifice or another, in getting him to come home an hour or two earlier than usual at night, and now and then to spend an entire evening in his house.

4. They had been married a year; and on the morning of the anniversary of their wedding-day, the husband observed, with some shade of remorse, "Mary, we have had no holiday since we were wed; if it were not that I have not a penny, we would take a jaunt to the village to see your mother."

5. "Would you like to go, John?" asked his wife, softly, overjoyed to hear him speak again as kindly as in old times. "If you will go, John, I will pay the bill." "You pay the bill!" said he, "have you a

fortune?" "No," said she, "but I have the pint of ale." "Have what?" asked he. "The pint of ale," was the reply.

6. John did not understand her till she took an old stocking from under a loose brick up the chimney, and, counting out three hundred and sixty-five threepences, put £4 11s. 3d. into his hand, exclaiming, "You shall have the holiday, John."

7. John was ashamed. He would not keep the money, but said, "Have you had your share? Then I will have no more." They kept their wedding-day with Mary's mother; and the wife's little capital was the first of a series of investments that grew into a shop, a factory, warehouses, and a country-seat.

Definitions.—1. Wĭnçed′, *started back as from a blow.* 3. Är′ti fĭçe, *skillful contrivance.* 4. An ni vĕr′sa ry, *a day celebrated as it returns each year.* Jäunt, *short journey.* 7. Invĕst′ment, *money laid out in the purchase of property.* Ćoŭn′try-sēat, *an elegant home in the country.*

LESSON 24.—PART 1.

HIDE-AND-SEEK IN A BURIED CITY.

1. I DO not know whether any of you have ever been up the Parana. It's a very nice river in its way, if it were not for the jaguars, and the snakes, and the mosquitoes, and the big ants that bite through a thick stocking, and a few other things of that sort. Perhaps one would not exactly have picked it out as the

best place for a summer vacation; but it was just what I wanted, for I found more out-of-the-way remains there than in all the rest of the country.

2. Paraguay (Pär ä gwī′) is not just the safest place in the world for a foreigner. If you happen to wear a red shirt or a colored scarf in the towns, somebody will most likely take it for a political badge, and empty his pistol at you forthwith; while, if you go too far into the bush, you will get picked up by the Indians, who will make very short work of you.

3. However, I got off better than I expected, for all this poking and rooting of mine among these old stones that nobody else cared for, made them think, first, that I was mad, and then that I was a magician—which was luckier still, for then they were afraid of me, and let me do what I liked.

4. I suspect, however, that my reputation for magic arose chiefly from the tales of my half-caste servant, Pedro Diaz, who, although a right good fellow in his way, was terribly given to romancing, and used to tell such stories as would have put Baron Munchausen himself out of countenance.

5. But, though the natives did not molest me, I had my share of troubles for all that. Sometimes I would find a rival antiquary in the field before me, in the shape of a big serpent coiled around the very stone I was going to examine, and of course I could not be so rude as to press my claim after that. Then, again, more than once, just as I was at my busiest, the earth sunk under my feet, and I found myself chin-deep in a hole, with hundreds of black ants attacking me from every direction.

6. These ants, indeed, are the pest of Paraguay; and it is a fact, that you sometimes see a whole village tumble down at once from the undermining of the ground by the ants' nests.

7. Well, one morning I got up before sunrise, and away I started into the forest as usual, to see what I could see. Having my pocket-compass always with me, I was not a bit afraid of getting lost; and on I went, keeping a sharp lookout to right and left for any thing in the shape of an "antique,"—till, all at once, I came upon a spot which was not only quite new to me, but unlike any thing I had ever seen before.

8. It seemed like a great circular pit, half filled with wrecks of broken branches and uprooted trees, as if an earthquake had swallowed a whole acre of the forest at once.

9. A buried city! thought I; and down I jumped, without even stopping to think how I was to get up again.

10. Sure enough, I found myself among the ruins of a great building of some kind, vaster and grander than any I had seen yet, and bearing every mark of extreme age. Some of the fragments were so overgrown with creepers that I could hardly distinguish them; but one or two were quite clear, with the traces of rude carving still perfectly plain on them. I was so delighted that I ran this way and that way like a child in a toy-shop, hardly knowing what to begin upon first, when, all at once, I caught sight of a low archway on one side of the pit, as dark as night, and seemingly going right down into the earth.

PART 2.

1. THE place was so choked with rubbish, and overgrown with creepers, that it cost me a good half-hour's hacking with my big knife before I could make a hole large enough to pass through. The place was so dark, after the blazing sunshine, that at first I could see nothing at all; but presently I began to make out a row of huge, upright blocks, like enormous pillars, heaps of broken stone and rubbish all around them. Altogether, it seemed just the place that a huge snake might pick out to settle in. Suddenly I stumbled over a pile of loose stones, and down they came with a crash like thunder.

2. The echo was something tremendous, but after it came another sound that I liked still less—a deep, hoarse growl, which I knew at once was that of a jaguar. Out of the darkness, at the far end of the hall, rose two greenish-yellow spots, and I heard his tail switch in a way that I knew to mean mischief.

3. There was no hope of squeezing back through the hole before he could reach me. My only chance was to lead him a dance among the ruins, and try to spin out the chase till Pedro Diaz came up with his gun, as he was sure to do sooner or later.

4. And now began such a game of hide-and-seek as I never played before or since. In and out of the ruins we went, dodging about among crumbling stones, and matted creepers, and huge bowlders covered with damp moss.

5. The chase had lasted some time, and I was begin-

ning to feel cold all over at the thought of what must come when I couldn't hold out any longer, when all at once the light that fell through the cleft overhead showed me a long, wiry creeper, hanging like a rope down one of the biggest blocks.

6. Once up there, I should be safe; and I ran toward it as I had never run before. Just then, by good luck, the jaguar happened to stumble, and before he could recover himself I was safe on the top of the pillar, panting like a hunted deer. The jaguar made two or three leaps at me; but finding that he could not reach me, he sat down to wait.

7. Suddenly I happened to notice that the pillar on which I was perched seemed to have been connected with its next neighbor by a sort of arch, but of this nothing was left now except one huge stone, poised on the very edge of the pillar, and so loose that I could move it easily with one hand.

8. This gave me an idea, and I at once proceeded to carry it out. The first thing to be done was to get the jaguar a little nearer, for he was lying about ten paces from the foot of the pillar, with his head between his fore-paws, seemingly intending to stay there till he got me, if he waited a year.

9. So I gathered a handful of small stones, and began to pelt him vigorously. One of them hit him in the face; up he sprang in a rage, growling viciously, and leaping up against the side of the pillar as high as he could go. This was just what I wanted, and I leaned out over the edge and shook the creeper as if I were coming down.

10. The beast flew round to that side to be ready

to seize me; and as soon as he came underneath the big stone, I gave one good heave and tipped it over, right down on the top of him.

11. There was a crash and a hoarse scream, and then, with a broken leg, away hobbled the jaguar. Just then I heard a shout from the door-way, and, looking up, I saw Pedro Diaz's dark face peeping in. He had followed my trail, as I expected he would, and had come up just in time to be "in at the death."

Definitions.—Part I: 1. Pär ä nä′, *a river of South America.* Jăg′u ar, *the American tiger.* 3. Mā gi′cian, *one who pretends to have more than human power.* 5. Ăn′tĭ qua ry, *one who studies old things.*

LESSON 25.

BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

1. For Scotland's and for freedom's right
The Bruce his part had played,
In five successive fields of fight,
Been conquered and dismayed;
Once more against the English host
His band he led, and once more lost
The meed for which he fought;
And now from battle, faint and worn,
The homeless fugitive forlorn
A hut's lone shelter sought.

2. And cheerless was that resting-place
For him who claimed a throne:
His canopy, devoid of grace,
The rude, rough beams alone;
The heather couch his only bed,—
Yet well I ween had slumber fled
From couch of eider-down!
Through darksome night till dawn of day,
Absorbed in wakeful thought he lay
Of Scotland and her crown.

3. The sun rose bright, and its kind gleam
Fell on that hapless bed,
And tinged with light each shapeless beam
Which roofed the lowly shed;
When, looking up with wistful eye,
The Bruce beheld a spider try
His filmy thread to fling
From beam to beam of that rude cot;
And well the insect's toilsome lot
Taught Scotland's future king.

4. Six times his gossamery thread
The wary spider threw;
In vain the filmy line was sped,
For powerless or untrue
Each aim appeared, and back recoiled
The patient insect, six times foiled,
And yet unconquered still;
And soon the Bruce, with eager eye,
Saw him prepare once more to try
His courage, strength, and skill.

5. One effort more, his seventh and last!
The hero hailed the sign!
And on the wished-for beam hung fast
That slender, silken line.
Slight as it was, his spirit caught
The more than omen, for his thought
The lesson well could trace,
Which even "he who runs may read,"
That Perseverance gains its meed,
And Patience wins the race.

Definitions.—1. Fū'gi tĭve, *one who flees.* For lôrn', *wretched.* 2. Thrōne, *kingly power and dignity.* Ĕăn'o py, *covering over a bed.* Hĕath'er, *a shrub with small leaves.* Ei'der-down, *down of the eider duck.* Ab sôrbed', *engaged wholly.* 3. Wĭst'-fụl, *eagerly attentive.* Fĭlm'y, *cobweb-like.* 4. Ḡŏs'sa mĕr y, *flimsy.* 5. Ō'men, *sign or indication.* Mēed, *reward.*

Note.—*Robert Bruce* claimed the throne of Scotland, which was long ruled by England. Under Edward I. the English defeated and drove him from the country; but Edward's son and successor was a weak ruler, and Bruce finally secured the independence of Scotland by the famous victory at Bannockburn in 1314.

Language Exercise.—Find the word *which* in the first stanza. What does it stand for? Write a declarative sentence of your own, in which you use the word *which.* Use it in an interrogative sentence. Write in prose the first two lines of the second stanza. Write original declarative sentences that contain the words *who, whose, whom.* Use the same words in interrogative sentences.

Observe the different uses of *who, whom, whose, which, what,* and *that.* Write sentences, using *ours, yours, theirs, himself, themselves.* Write a list of the pronouns used in this lesson. Give frequent exercise in the correct use of the pronouns in subsequent lessons.

LESSON 26.

THE ORPHAN'S CLAIM.

1. KING ALFRED was sitting, one day, in the palace with his thanes, as the nobles of the country were called in those days, when he observed that the place of the Earl of Holderness was vacant.

2. He asked why the noble Earl was absent; he was informed that both he and his lady had died a short time previously.

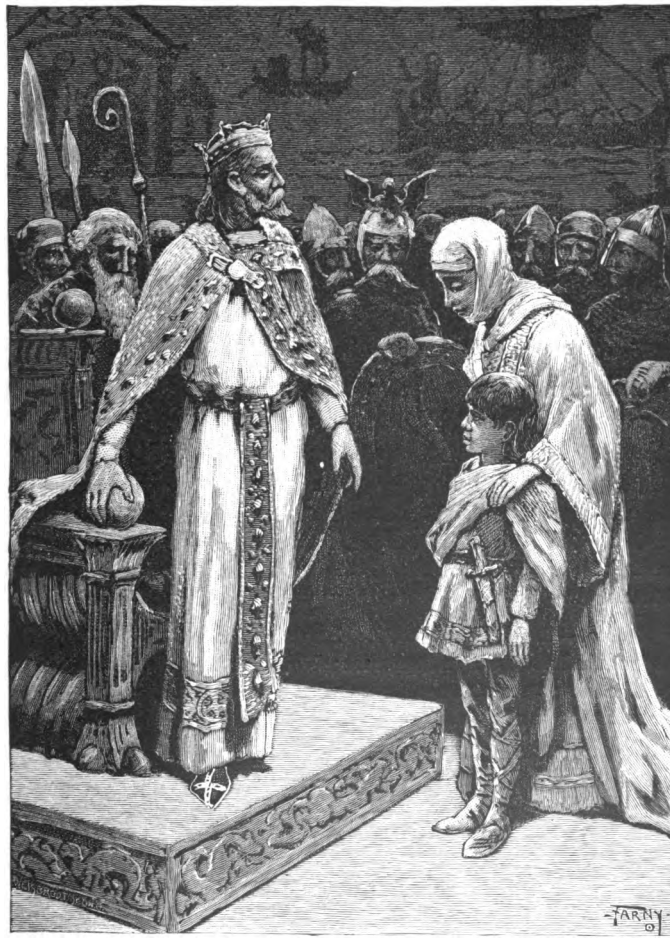
3. Before the king could express his grief, the warrior Wulph asked that the estates of Holderness be given to him as a reward for his prowess in war.

4. Instantly another noble, the wise Thurston, said, "Nay, king, it would be more just to bestow them on me; for, when I crossed the sea, my wisdom was of more avail at the Danish court than the warlike skill and bravery of Wulph."

5. At that moment a pale, toil-worn woman entered the chamber, leading by the hand a boy, whose flaxen hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion plainly showed his Saxon origin. With difficulty she pressed through the throng of excited nobles until she stood before the king himself.

6. "O gracious king," said she, bending low, "I ask that justice may be done to this boy, the only child of the Earl of Holderness and the Lady Alice. Orphaned and friendless, he looks to thee for protection. His is the orphan's claim—O king, regard it!"

7. "His claim, forsooth!" exclaimed one of the thanes. "What! dost thou think that our king needs



the services of a child like that? If the lands of Holderness be given to him, say, what could he do to guard his country?"

8. The little boy lifted his bright blue eyes to the stern speaker, and said, "I would pray to God in heaven!"

9. The good King Alfred looked earnestly first at the upturned face of the boy, then upon the thanes who were anxiously awaiting the royal decision, and rising, said, slowly and solemnly:

10. "The king will gladly give all praise and due reward to the faithful thanes who have served him so well in times of need; but the estates of Holderness must not be taken from this child, for they are his by birthright, and his claim—the orphan's claim—is before all others. His father is God, who reigns in heaven."

Definitions.—2. Prē'vi oŭs ly, *before.* 3. War'rior, *a soldier.* Prow'ess, *bravery.* 4. Wĭş'dŏm, *wise judgment.* A vāil', *benefit.* 5. Ċom plĕx'ion, *color of the face.* Ôr'i ğĭn, *source.* 6. Ḡrā'cioŭs, *merciful.* 7. For sōōth', *in truth.* 10. Es tātes', *property in land.* Bĭrth'rīght, *right to which a person is entitled by birth.*

Notes.—1. *King Alfred,* of England, called the Great, on account of his wise government; born A. D. 849, died A. D. 901. 5. The *Saxons* were a warlike race who formerly lived in the northern part of Germany.

LESSON 27.

THE POLAR REGIONS.

1. It is impossible to form an idea of a tempest in the polar regions. The icebergs are like floating rocks whirled along a rapid current. They dash against one another, and burst with a noise like thunder.

2. Returning to the contest, they tumble over in a cloud of spray. The ice-fields are upheaved, and fall afterwards into the boiling sea, with a noise like the crack of a whip. The gulls fly away screaming, and once in a while a black, shiny whale comes to the surface to breathe.

3. The cold is by no means insupportable most of the time. A person can pass from a cabin heated to thirty degrees above zero, into the open air where the temperature is forty-seven degrees below zero, without much inconvenience. If there is wind, a temperature very much lower than this can not be endured.

4. At fifteen degrees below zero, a steam, as if from a boiling kettle, rises from the water. It freezes almost instantly, and falls in a fine powder. This is called sea-smoke. At forty degrees below zero, the snow smokes. This smoke changes to millions of tiny particles, like needles, which fill the air and make a light, continuous noise.

5. At this temperature, the trunks of trees burst with a loud report, the rocks break up, and smoking waters flow from cracks in the earth's surface. Knives break easily. To talk is fatiguing. At night the eyelids are covered with a thin crust of ice, which must be carefully removed before the eyes can be opened.

6. In the autumn, the sun shines but feebly; the nights lengthen with great rapidity; the moist air chills readily, while the cold steadily increases as the season advances. The young ice, which now forms rapidly, is covered with a whitish crust about an inch thick which is beautiful to the eye, but impedes the

passage of a sledge just as wet sand checks the movement of an engine on the rails.

7. On the shore or on the ice, the people build large huts of ice or snow, which are generally circular in form, and are divided into small compartments. In one of these they sleep, in another they store their provisions, and in still another they cook their food.

8. Instead of mortar, snow is used to stop the crevices, so that these houses are nearly air-tight. For a window, a small opening in the top is filled with a block of clear ice. A stone lamp inserted in a niche in the wall, and fed with whale's blubber, gives a fair light and some warmth.

9. Instead of beds, many Arctic explorers use bags to sleep in. They are made of canvas and fur, and are stretched on a frame-work of poles. Into these the persons creep, and are less exposed to the cold than they would otherwise be; in this way, they manage to keep quite comfortable. They dress in thick furs, and eat large quantities of food containing much oil or fat.

Definitions.—1. I dē'à, *a picture formed by the mind.* Tĕm'pest, *severe storm.* 2. Cŏn'test, *earnest struggle.* 3. In sup pōrt'a ble, *not able to be endured.* Tĕm'per a tūre, *degree of heat or cold.* 4. Zē'ro, *the point from which the gradation of a thermometer begins.* Con tĭn'ū oŭs, *without interruption.* 5. Fatĭgu'ing, *tiresome.*

Questions.—Describe a tempest in the north. What does the author say of the temperature? Why does the Arctic inhabitant require fatty food?

LESSON 28.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

1. GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us,
   And cause his face to shine upon us;
2. That thy way may be known upon earth,
   Thy saving health among all nations.
3. Let the peoples praise thee, O God;
   Let all the peoples praise thee.
4. O let the nations be glad and sing for joy:
   For thou shalt judge the people with equity,
   And govern the nations upon earth.

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5. God is our refuge and strength,
   A very present help in trouble.
6. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do change,
   And though the mountains be moved in the heart of the seas;
7. Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,
   Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.
8. Come, behold the works of the Lord,
   What desolations he hath made in the earth.
9. He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth;
   He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder;
   He burneth the chariots in the fire.
10. Be still, and know that I am God:
    I will be exalted among the nations, I will be exalted in the earth.

11. Come, ye children, hearken unto me:
I will teach you the fear of the Lord.
12. What man is he that desireth life,
And loveth many days, that he may see good?
13. Keep thy tongue from evil,
And thy lips from speaking guile.
14. Depart from evil and do good;
Seek peace, and pursue it.

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15. Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.
16. Serve the Lord with gladness:
Come before his presence with singing.
17. Know ye that the Lord he is God:
It is he that hath made us, and we are his;
We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.
18. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving,
And into his courts with praise:
Give thanks unto him, and bless his name.
19. For the Lord is good; his mercy endureth forever;
And his faithfulness unto all generations.

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20. I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains:
From whence shall my help come?
21. My help cometh from the Lord,
Which made heaven and earth.
22. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
23. Behold, he that keepeth Israel
Shall neither slumber nor sleep.
26. The Lord shall keep thee from all evil;
He shall keep thy soul.

LESSON 29.—PART 1.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, the author of this selection, was born in Salem, Massachusetts, July 4, 1804. He wrote largely for the young, and the charming *Twice-told Tales*, *Grandfather's Chair*, and *Wonder-Book for Boys and Girls*, are among the choicest juvenile classics in the language. This selection is taken from *Biographical Sketches*. He died in 1864.

1. On Christmas day, in the year 1642, Isaac Newton was born at the small village of Woolsthorpe, in England. Isaac's father being dead, Mrs. Newton was married again to a clergyman, and went to reside at North Witham.

2. Her son was left to the care of a good old grandmother, who was very kind to him, and sent him to school. In his early years Isaac did not appear to be a very bright scholar, but was chiefly remarkable for his ingenuity in all mechanical occupations.

3. The neighbors looked with vast admiration at the things which Isaac manufactured. And his old grandmother, I suppose, was never weary talking about him.

4. Some of his friends, no doubt, advised Isaac's grandmother to apprentice him to a clock-maker; for, besides his mechanical skill, the boy seemed to have a taste for mathematics, which would be very useful to him in that profession.

5. Indeed, there was some ground for supposing that Isaac would devote himself to the manufacture of clocks; since he had already made one of a kind which nobody had ever heard of before. It was

set agoing, not by wheels and weights, like other clocks, but by the dropping of water.

6. This was an object of great wonderment to all the people round about; and it must be confessed that few boys, or men, either, could contrive to tell what o'clock it is by means of a bowl of water.

7. Besides the water-clock, Isaac made a sun-dial. Thus, his grandmother was never at a loss to know the hour; for the water-clock would tell it in the shade, and the dial in the sunshine. The sun-dial is said to be still in existence at Woolsthorpe, on the corner of the house where Isaac dwelt.

8. If so, it must have marked the passage of every sunny hour that has passed since Isaac Newton was a boy. It marked all the famous moments of his life; it marked the hour of his death; and still the sunshine creeps slowly over it, as regularly as when Isaac first set it up.

9. Isaac possessed a wonderful ability of acquiring knowledge by the simplest means. You will never guess how the boy could compel that unseen, inconstant, and ungovernable wonder, the wind, to tell him the measure of its strength. Yet nothing could be more simple.

10. He jumped against the wind; and by the length of his jump he could calculate the force of a gentle breeze, a brisk gale, or a tempest. Thus, even in his boyish sports, he was continually searching out the secrets of philosophy.

11. Not far from his grandmother's residence there was a windmill which operated on a new plan. Isaac was in the habit of going thither frequently, and

would spend whole hours in examining its various parts. When the mill was at rest, he pried into its internal machinery.

12. When its broad sails were set in motion by the wind, he watched the process by which the millstones were made to revolve and crush the grain that was put into the hopper. After gaining a thorough knowledge of its construction, he was observed to be unusually busy with his tools.

13. It was not long before his grandmother and all the neighborhood knew what Isaac had been about. He had constructed a model of the windmill; though not so large, I suppose, as one of the box-traps which boys set to catch squirrels, yet every part of its machinery was complete.

14. Its little sails were neatly made of linen, and whirled around very swiftly when the mill was placed in a draught of air. Even a puff of wind from Isaac's mouth or from a pair of bellows was sufficient to set the sails in motion; and if a handful of grains of wheat were put into the little hopper, they would soon be converted into snow-white flour.

PART 2.

1. As Isaac grew older, it was found that he had far more important matters in his mind than the manufacture of toys like the little windmill. All day long, if left to himself, he was either absorbed in thought or engaged in some book of mathematics or natural philosophy.

2. At night, I think it probable, he looked up with

reverential curiosity to the stars, and wondered whether they were worlds like our own, and how great was their distance from the earth, and what was the power that kept them in their courses.

3. When Isaac was fourteen years old, his mother's second husband being now dead, she wished her son to leave school and assist her in managing the farm at Woolsthorpe. For a year or two, therefore, he tried to turn his attention to farming.

4. But his mind was so bent on becoming a scholar that his mother sent him back to school, and afterwards to the University of Cambridge.

5. My story would be far too long were I to mention all the splendid discoveries which he made after he came to be a man. He was the first that found out the nature of light, for before his day nobody could tell what the sunshine is composed of.

6. You remember, I suppose, the story of the apple's falling on his head, and thus leading him to discover the force of gravitation, which keeps the heavenly bodies in their courses. When he had once got hold of this idea, he never permitted his mind to rest until he had searched out all the laws by which the planets are guided through the sky.

7. While making these researches, he was accustomed to spend night after night in a lofty tower, gazing at the heavenly bodies through a telescope. His mind was lifted far above the things of this world. He may be said, indeed, to have spent the greater part of his life in worlds that lie thousands and millions of miles away; for where thoughts and the heart are, there is our true existence.

8. Did you ever hear the story of Newton and his little dog Diamond? One day, when he was fifty years old, and had been hard at work more than twenty years studying the theory of light, he went out of his chamber, leaving his little dog asleep before the fire.

9. On the table lay a heap of manuscript papers, containing all the discoveries which Newton had made during those twenty years. When his master was gone, up rose little Diamond, jumped upon the table, and overthrew the lighted candle. The papers immediately caught fire.

10. Just as the destruction was completed, Newton opened the chamber door, and perceived that the labors of twenty years were reduced to a heap of ashes. There stood little Diamond, the author of all the mischief. Almost any other man would have sentenced the dog to immediate death.

11. But Newton patted him on the head with his usual kindness, although grief was at his heart. "O Diamond, Diamond," exclaimed he, "thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!"

12. This incident affected his health and spirits for some time afterwards; but, from his conduct towards the little dog, you may judge what was the sweetness of his temper.

13. Newton lived to be a very old man, and acquired great fame, and was made a member of Parliament, and received the honor of knighthood from the king. But he cared little for earthly fame and honor, and felt no pride in the vastness of his knowledge.

14. All that he had learned only made him feel

how little he knew in comparison with what remained to be known. "I seem to myself like a child," observed he, "playing on the sea-shore, and picking up here and there a curious shell or a pretty pebble, while the boundless ocean of Truth lies undiscovered before me."

15. At last, in 1737, when he was fourscore and five years old, Sir Isaac Newton died—or, rather, he ceased to live on earth. We may be permitted to believe that he is still searching out the infinite wisdom and goodness of the Creator as earnestly, and with even more success than while his spirit animated a mortal body.

16. He has left a fame behind him which will be as endurable as if his name were written in letters of light formed by the stars upon the midnight sky.

Definitions.—Part I: 2. In ġe nū'i ty, *skill in invention.* Me-ehăn'ie al, *depending on machinery.* 4. Ap prĕn'tiçe, *to put under the care of some one to learn a trade.* Pro fĕs'sion, *employment.* 7. Sŭn'-dī al, *an instrument to tell the time of day by means of a shadow on a plate.* 11. In tēr'nal, *inward, interior.* Ŏp'er āt ed, *did its work.* 12. Hŏp'per, *a trough through which grain passes into a mill to be ground.* 14. Bēl'lŏws, *a machine for forcing air through a tube.*

Part II: 2. Rĕv er ĕn'tial, *proceeding from reverence.* 4. Ū ni-vēr'si ty, *a school in which are taught all branches of knowledge.* 6. Grăv i tā'tion, *the force by which all bodies tend toward each other.* 7. Tĕl'e scōpe, *an instrument used in viewing distant objects.* Rē'search eş, *diligent inquiries.* 8. Thē'o ry, *explanation.* 12. Ĭn'çi dent, *that which happens.* 13. Pär'lia ment, *the legislature of England.* 15. Ĭn'fi nīte, *without limit.*

LESSON 30.

THERE'S ROOM FOR YOU UP HIGHER.

1. I WENT last night to the land of dreams,
That mystic, silent land,
With mountains high, and crystal streams,
And castles tall and grand.
An eager, anxious throng I saw
Upon a spreading plain,
All rushing on, in earnest haste,
The self-same goal to gain.

2. I looked, and, lo! a ladder rose
Above the din and strife,
And looking still, I read these words:
"This is the scale of life."
And now I watched the surging crowd,
Each struggling, oft in vain,
Upon that crowded lower round
A footing to obtain.

3. 'T was strange to see the many who
One effort forth would put,
And then fall back, content to lie
And grovel at the foot.
But some I saw, whose dauntless will
No rude repulse could stay—
Who grew more strong with each defeat,
To push their upward way.

4. A voice that came from lips unseen
Their courage would inspire.
This seemed the burden of the song:
"There's room for you up higher."
And springing up, with strength renewed,
The struggle to endure,
They ne'er gave up until at length
They gained a footing sure.

5. Then step by step, and round by round,
They sturdily progressed;
Each barrier was dashed away
As upward still they pressed.
And oft, when toil-worn, faint, and weak,
Then from the unseen choir
Would come, in chorus full and strong:
"There's room for you up higher."

6. It filled their souls with courage new,
And gave them strength to win,
Until they reached the place they sought,
Above the strife and din.
The crowd below, who saw them rise,
Bewailed the adverse fate
Which held them down while others rose
To fill such high estate.

7. It never seemed to dawn on them
The fault could lie within;
That bold success ne'er waits on those
Who have no will to win.

8. And when, in after waking hours,
My dream came back to me,
I thought the lesson it conveyed
Was plain and clear to see.
For those with spirit true and brave,
Who to better things aspire.
Remember that, where'er you stand,
"There's always room up higher."

Definitions.—1. Mȳs'tic, *secret.* 3. Dăunt'less, *bold, fearless.* Re pŭlse', *act of driving back.* 6. Be wāiled', *expressed sorrow for.*

LESSON 31.—PART I.

THE APPLE.

John Burroughs was born in Roxbury, New York, in 1837. He writes mainly upon rural subjects. Among his books are *Wake Robin, Signs and Seasons,* and *Pepacton.* This selection is adapted from *Winter Sunshine.*

1. THE apple is the commonest and yet the most varied and beautiful of fruits. A dish of them is as becoming to the center-table in winter as is the vase of flowers in the summer—a bouquet of Spitzenbergs and Greenings and Northern Spies.

2. A rose when it blooms, the apple is a rose when it ripens. It pleases every sense to which it can be

addressed,—the touch, the smell, the sight, the taste; and when it falls in the still October days, it pleases the ear. It is a call to a banquet,—it is a signal that the feast is ready. The bough would fain hold it, but it can now assert its independence; it can now live a life of its own.

3. Daily the stem relaxes its hold, till finally it lets go completely, and down comes the painted sphere with a mellow thump to the earth, toward which it has been nodding so long. It bounds away to seek its bed, to hide under a leaf or in a tuft of grass.

4. It will now take time to meditate and ripen! What delicious thoughts it has there nestled with its fellows under the fence, turning acid into sugar, and sugar into wine!

5. How pleasing to the touch. I love to stroke its polished rondure with my hand, to carry it in my pocket on my tramp over the winter hills, or through the early spring woods. You are company, you red-cheeked Spitz or you salmon-fleshed Greening!

6. I toy with you, press your face to mine, toss you in the air, roll you on the ground, see you shine out where you lie amid the moss and dry leaves and sticks.

7. You are so alive! You glow like a ruddy flower. You look so animated I almost expect to see you move! I postpone the eating of you, you are so beautiful! How compact, how exquisitely tinted! Stained by the sun and varnished against the rains. An independent vegetable existence, alive and vascular as my own flesh; capable of being wounded, bleeding, wasting away, or almost repairing damages!

8. How they resist the cold! holding out almost as long as the red cheeks of the boys do. A frost that destroys the potatoes and other roots only makes the apple more crisp and vigorous; they peep out from the chance November snows unscathed.

9. When I see the fruit vender on the street corner stamping his feet and beating his hands to keep them warm, and his naked apples lying exposed to the blasts, I wonder if they do not ache, too, to clap their hands and enliven their circulation. But they can stand it nearly as long as the vender can.

10. Noble common fruit, best friend of man and most loved by him, following him like his dog or his cow, wherever he goes! His homestead is not planted till you are planted; your roots intertwine with his; thriving best where he thrives best, loving the limestone and the frost, the plow and the pruning knife, you are indeed suggestive of hardy, cheerful industry, and a healthy life in the open air.

PART 2.

1. Do you remember the apple hole in the garden or back of the house, Ben Bolt? In the fall, after the bins in the cellar had been well stocked, we excavated a circular pit in the warm, mellow earth, and covering the bottom with clean rye straw, emptied in basketful after basketful of hardy choice varieties, till there was a tent-shaped mound, several feet high, of shining, variegated fruit.

2. Then wrapping it about with a thick layer of long rye straw, and tucking it up snug and warm, the

mound was covered with a thin coating of earth, a flat stone on the top holding down the straw. As winter set in, another coating of earth was put upon it, with perhaps an overcoat of coarse, dry, stable manure, and the precious pile was left in silence and darkness till spring. How the earth tempers and flavors the apples! It draws out all the acrid, unripe qualities, and infuses into them a subtile, refreshing taste of the soil.

3. As the supply in the bins and barrels gets low, and spring approaches, the buried treasures in the garden are remembered. With spade and ax we go out, and penetrate through the snow and frozen earth till the inner dressing of straw is laid bare. It is not quite as clear and bright as when we placed it there last fall, but the fruit beneath, which the hand soon exposes, is just as bright and far more luscious.

4. Then, as day after day you resort to the hole, and removing the straw and earth from the opening, thrust your arm into the fragrant pit, you have a better chance than ever before to become acquainted with your favorites by the sense of touch. How you feel for them, reaching to the right and left.

5. Now you have got a Tolman Sweet; you imagine you can feel that single meridian line that divides it into two hemispheres. Now a Greening fills your hand,—you feel its fine quality beneath its rough coat. Now you have hooked a Swaar,—you recognize its full face; now a Vandevere or a King rolls down from the apex above and you bag it at once.

6. When you were a school-boy you stowed these away in your pockets, and ate them along the road

and at recess, and again at noon-time; and they, in a measure, corrected the effects of the cake and pie with which your indulgent mother filled your lunch-basket.

Definitions.—Part I: 1. Bou·quet′, *a collection or bunch.* 3. Re lăx′eş, *makes less firm.* 4. Měd′i tāte, *to reflect.* 5. Rŏn′-dūre, *state of being round.* 7. Rŭd′dy, *of a red color.* Ăn′i-māt ed, *full of life.* Com păct′, *firm, solid.* Ex′qui şīte ly, *with great perfection.* Văs′eu lar, *made up of small vessels.* 8. Un-seăthed′, *not injured.* 9. Vĕnd′er, *seller.* Çīr eu lā′tion, *a movement like that of the blood in the body.*

Part II: 1. Ĕx′ca vāt ed, *dug.* 2. Prĕ′cioŭs, *very valuable.* Sŭb′tīle, *delicate.* 3. Pĕn′e trāte, *to make way.* Lŭs′cioŭs, *grateful to the taste.* 5. Ā′pex, *top.* 6. In dŭl′ġent, *yielding to the wishes of others.*

Questions.—What varieties of apples are mentioned in this lesson? What good qualities does the writer claim for his favorite fruit? How are apples stored in winter? What effect is noticeable in them?

LESSON 32.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE.

William Cullen Bryant, the author of the following selection, was born in Cummington, Massachusetts, in 1794. He was engaged in the practice of law a short time, but became a journalist in 1826. His descriptions are true to nature, and his poems are pervaded by a pure, religious spirit. He died in 1878.

1. COME, let us plant the apple-tree.
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there

Sift the dark mold with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As, round the sleeping infant's feet,
We softly fold the cradle-sheet;
So plant we the apple-tree.

2. What plant we in this apple-tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,
Shall haunt, and sing, and hide her nest.
We plant, upon the sunny lea,
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple-tree.

3. What plant we in this apple-tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard-row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple-tree.

4. What plant we in this apple-tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky,
While children come, with cries of glee,

And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple-tree.

5. And when, above this apple-tree,
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by cottage-hearth,
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine
And golden orange of the line,
The fruit of the apple-tree.

6. The fruitage of this apple-tree
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grew;
And sojourners beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day,
And long, long hours of summer play,
In the shade of the apple-tree.

7. Each year shall give this apple-tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
The crisp, brown leaves in thicker shower.
The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple-tree.

8. And time shall waste this apple-tree.
Oh, when its aged branches throw
Thin shadows on the ground below,
Shall fraud, and force, and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?
What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this little apple-tree?

9. "Who planted this old apple-tree?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:
"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'T is said he made some quaint old rhymes,
On planting the apple-tree."

Definitions.—1. Grēen'swȧrd, *turf green with grass.* 2. Lēa, *field.* 4. Be trāyṣ', *make known.* 5. Çĭn'tra, *a town in central Portugal.* 6. Fruit'aġe, *the fruit.* Sō'journ ers, *travelers who dwell in a place for a time.* 7. Rō'ṣe ate, *of a rose color.* Vẽrd'-ūr oŭs, *green.* 8. Fȧud, *deceit to gain unfair advantage.*

Language Exercise.—What kind of sentences, in respect to use, are the first two lines of this lesson? Write a list of the words in this lesson which tell of some action performed or to be performed. Write four sentences, telling what a boy does, what he did, what he has done, and what he will do; as, *The boy studies. The boy studied. The boy has studied. The boy will study.* Change the noun to the plural and make any changes in other words which ought to be made.

LESSON 33.

THE WAR OF THE ROSES.

By the **Rev. George Robert Gleig,** who was born in Scotland in 1796. He was a writer of romance, history, and biography, and held several positions of trust under the British government. He died in 1889.

1. THE great civil war, amid the fury of which some of the noblest houses in England fell to rise no more, got the name of the "War of the Roses" in this manner:

2. As the chiefs on both sides claimed the throne by right of blood, and both bore the same device on their shields, and the same crests on their helmets, a need arose that there should be on the banners of one a device which should not be found on those of the other.

3. Chance led two ladies, before the war had begun, into a public garden, where they began to talk of the great subject of the day. One wished success to the House of Lancaster, and the other was in favor of the House of York.

4. At last the Lancastrian lady plucked a red rose from its stem, and cried, "As this flower goes far beyond all the flowers of the garden in beauty, so is King Henry's right far above that of his rival."

5. "Nay," cried the other; "I can show you a fairer flower than yours, and its stainless beauty is a fit emblem of the rights of him whom I support." On this she plucked a white rose.

6. The heads of the rival houses, charmed with the tale, were seen in the streets forthwith, one with red roses, the other with white roses, in their vests.

7. From the vests of these knights, in process of time, the roses passed to their helmets in time of war; till, by and by, their wives and daughters worked the roses into their banners.

8. Thus came that war to be called "The War of

the Roses"—than which none ever wrought to England greater harm at the time, or proved, perhaps, the cause of greater good in ages that came after.

Definitions.—2. Blood, *birth, descent.* De vīçe′, *mark, motto.* Crĕst, *ornament.* Hĕl′mets, *armor for the head.* Băn′ners, *flags.* 4. Plŭcked, *pulled with sudden force.* Rī′val, *one in pursuit of the same object as another.* 5. Ĕm′blem, *an object suggesting some other object.* 7. Prŏç′ess, *course.* 8. Wrôught, *produced, caused.*

Note.—*The War of the Roses* lasted for thirty years,—from 1455 to 1485.

LESSON 34.

THE JUDGE OF SODOM.

1. When Eliezer (El i ē′zer), the servant of Abraham, came to the city of Sodom, he saw an inhabitant of the city maltreating a stranger and robbing him of his clothes.

2. "Why dost thou rob the poor stranger?" exclaimed Eliezer; "how darest thou commit such a crime?" "Art thou," asked the robber, "this man's brother, or our judge?"

3. Eliezer made no reply, but went to assist the stranger. Thereupon the robber picked up a stone, hurled it at Eliezer, and it struck him on the forehead. The blood began instantly to flow from the painful wound, and Eliezer stood perplexed, unable to stop the streaming blood.

4. He thought the villain would regret his rash misdeed, but the latter cried, "How beautifully the blood is trickling down—how beautifully!"

5. "Thou hast wounded me," exclaimed Eliezer; "nay, thou hast almost killed me, and dost thou even deride me? I shall obtain justice! I am going directly to the court!" "That is just the place where I wish to go with thee," said the audacious villain.

6. A crowd of the inhabitants of Sodom had in the meantime gathered around them; they seized Eliezer, and dragged him to the house of the judge, who said, "Stranger, why dost thou raise a tumult in our peaceful city?"

7. "I am a peaceable man," replied Eliezer; "I saw a stranger in thy city robbed; and when I wished to help him, this man cast a stone at my forehead, mocked me, and with his associates dragged me hither. Behold the wound he made, and see how the blood flows!"

8. "Then," said the judge, gravely, "thou must pay him eight silver shekels, for this is the price the surgeons of this city charge for blood-letting!" Such was the decision of the judge of Sodom.

Definitions.—1. Mal trēat'ing, *abusing.* 3. Per plĕxed', *confused, bewildered.* 5. De rīde', *to make sport of.* Au dā'cioŭs, *impudent, bold.* 6. Tū'mult, *noisy confusion.* 7. As sō'ci ates, *companions.* 8. Shĕk'el, *a coin in use among the ancient Jews, worth about sixty-two and one half cents.*

Questions.—What is this lesson called? What moral does it teach? Where was Sodom? Who was Abraham?

LESSON 35.

TOM.

Miss **Constance Fenimore Woolson** was born at Claremont, New Hampshire, in 1848. Though the author of some stirring war poems, she is known chiefly as a novelist. Since 1879 she has lived in England.

1. YES, Tom is the best fellow that ever you knew.
Just listen to this:
When the old mill took fire, and the flooring fell through,
And I with it, helpless, full in my view,
What do you think my eyes saw through the fire,
That crept along, crept along, nigher and nigher,
But Robin, my baby-boy, laughing to see
The shining! He must have come there after me—
Toddled alone from the cottage, without
Any one's seeing him. Then what a shout—
Oh! how I shouted, "For Heaven's sake, men,
Save Little Robin."

2. Again and again
They tried, but the fire held them back like a wall.
I could hear them go at it, and at it, and call,
"Never mind, baby, sit still like a man,
We're coming to get you as fast as we can."

3. They could not see him, but I could; he sat
Still on a beam, his little straw hat
Carefully placed by his side, and his eyes
Stared at the flames with a baby's surprise.

Calm and unconscious, as nearer it crept,
The roar of the flames up above must have kept
The sound of his mother's voice, shrieking his name,
From reaching the child. But *I* heard it. It came
Again and again—O God, what a cry!

4. The axes went faster; I saw the sparks fly
Where the men worked like tigers, nor minded the heat
That scorched them — when, suddenly, there at their feet
The great beams leaned in—they saw him—then, crash,

Down came the wall! The men made a dash—
Jumped to get out of the way—and I thought
"All 's up with poor little Robin," and brought
Slowly the arm that was least hurt to hide
The sight of the child there, when swift, at my side,
Some one rushed by, and went right through the flame,
Straight as a dart—caught the child—and then came
Back with him—choking and crying, but saved!
Saved safe and sound!

5. Oh, how the men raved,
Shouted, and cried, and hurraed. Then they all
Rushed at the work again, lest the back wall
Where I was lying, away from the fire,
Should fall and bury me.

6. Oh! you 'd admire
To see Robin now, he 's as bright as a dime,
Deep in some mischief, too, most of the time.
Tom, it was, saved him. Now, is n't it true
Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew?
There 's Robin now—see, he 's strong as a log—
And there comes Tom, too—
Yes, Tom is our dog.

Definitions.—1. Fĕl'lōw, *companion.* Tŏd'dled, *walked with short steps.* 3. Bēam, *a large piece of timber.* 4. Mīnd'ed, *paid attention to.* Därt, *a pointed weapon to be thrown by the hand.* 5. Rāved', *acted like madmen.* 6. Ad mīre', *to be surprised.*

LESSON 36.—PART 1.

ABBY'S YEAR IN LOWELL.

By **Harriet Farley,** who was born in Claremont, New Hampshire. When quite young, she began to earn her own living, and, after trying various employments, worked in the factories at Lowell, Massachusetts. The following selection is from the *Lowell Offering*, several volumes of which were edited by her.

1. "MR. ATKINS, were you serious last night when you told Abby that she might go to Lowell? I thought at first that you were vexed because I interrupted you."

2. "Yes, wife, I was serious, and you did not interrupt me, for I had been listening to all that you and Abby were saying. She is a wild, thoughtless girl, and I hardly know what is best to do with her; but perhaps it will be as well to try an experiment, and let her think and act a little while for herself."

3. "Oh, husband, I have many fears for her," was the reply of Mrs. Atkins; "she is so very giddy and thoughtless; and the Slater girls are as hare-brained as herself, and will lead her on in all sorts of folly. I wish you would tell her that she must stay at home."

4. "I have made a promise," said Mr. Atkins, "and I will keep it; and Abby, I trust, will keep hers."

5. Abby flew around, in high spirits, to make the necessary preparations for her departure, and her mother assisted her with a heavy heart.

6. The evening before she left home, her father called her to him, and fixing upon her a calm, earnest,

and almost mournful look, said, "Abby, do you ever think?" Abby was subdued and almost awed by his look and manner. "Yes, father," she at length replied, "I have thought a great deal lately about going to Lowell."

7. "But I do not believe, my child, that you have had one serious reflection upon the subject, and fear that I have done wrong in consenting to let you go from home. If you do not wish to make me wretched, you will return to us a better, milder, and more thoughtful girl."

8. That night Abby reflected more seriously than she had ever done in her life before. Her father's words, rendered more impressive by the look and tone with which they were delivered, had sunk deep into her heart. She had been surprised at his ready acquiescence in her wishes, but it had now a new meaning.

9. She felt that she was about to be abandoned to herself because her parents despaired of being able to do any thing for her; they thought her too wild, reckless, and untamable to be softened by aught but the stern lessons of experience.

10. "I will surprise them," said she to herself; "I will show them that I have some reflection; and after I come home, my father shall never have cause to ask me if I *think*. I know that I have not done as well as I might have done; but I will begin *now*, and when I return they shall see that I am a better, a milder, and a more thoughtful girl.

11. "The money which I intended to spend in fine dress shall be put into the bank; I will save it all, and

my father shall see that I can earn money and take care of it, too. Oh, how different I will be from what they think I am; and how glad it will make my father and mother to see that I am not so very bad after all."

12. New feelings and new ideas had begotten new resolutions, and Abby's dreams that night were of smiles from her mother, and words from her father, such as she had never received nor deserved. When she bade them farewell the next morning, she said nothing of the change which had taken place in her views and feelings, for she felt a slight degree of self-distrust in her firmness of purpose.

13. She had now resolved to pursue a course entirely different from that which was expected of her, and as different from the one she had first marked out for herself. This was the more difficult, on account of her strong propensity for dress, a love of which was fully gratified by her companions.

14. But when Judith Slater pressed her to purchase this beautiful piece of silk, or that splendid piece of muslin, her constant reply was, "No, I have determined not to buy any such things, and I will keep my resolution."

15. Abby's year was one of perpetual self-contest and self-denial, but it was by no means one of misery. The ruling desire of years was not to be conquered by the resolution of a moment, but when the contest was over, there was for her the triumph of victory. If the battle was sometimes desperate, there was so much more merit in being conqueror.

16. One Sabbath was spent in tears because Judith

Slater did not wish her to attend their meeting with such a dowdy bonnet; and another fellow-boarder thought her dress must have been made in "the year one."

17. Still she remained unshaken. "It is but for a year," said she to herself, "and the time and money that my father thought I should spend in folly shall be devoted to a better purpose."

PART 2.

1. At the close of a pleasant April day, Mr. Atkins sat at his kitchen fireside, with Charley upon his knee. "Wife," said he to Mrs. Atkins, who was busily preparing the evening meal, "is it not a year since Abby left home?"

2. "Why, husband, let me think: I always clean the house just before Fast-day, and I had not done it when Abby went away. I remember speaking to her about it, and telling her that it was wrong to leave me at such a busy time; and she said, 'Mother, I will be at home to do it all next year.' Yes, it is a year, and I shall not be surprised if she should come this week."

3. "Perhaps she will not come at all," said Mr. Atkins, with a gloomy look; "she has written us but few letters, and they have been very short and unsatisfactory. I suppose she has sense enough to know that no news is better than bad news; and having nothing pleasant to tell about herself, she thinks she will tell us nothing at all. But if I ever get her home again, I will keep her here."

4. "Husband, I told you my fears, and if you had set up your authority, Abby would have been obliged to stay at home; but perhaps she is doing pretty well. You know she is not accustomed to writing, and that may account for the few and short letters we have received; but they have all, even the shortest, contained the assurance that she would be at home at the close of the year."

5. "Pa, the stage has stopped here," said little Charley, and he jumped from his father's knee. The next moment the room rang with the shout of, "Abby has come! Abby has come!"

6. In a few moments more she was in the midst of the joyful throng. Her father pressed her hand in silence, and tears gushed from her mother's eyes. Her brothers and sisters were clamorous with delight, all except Charley, who repelled with terror all her overtures for a better acquaintance. Her parents gazed upon her with speechless pleasure, for they felt that a change for the better had taken place in their once wayward girl.

7. Yes, there she stood before them, a little taller and a little thinner, and, when the flush of emotion had faded away, perhaps a little paler; but the eyes were bright in their joyous radiance, and the smile of health and innocence was playing around the rosy lips.

8. There was more delicacy of personal appearance than when she left them, and also more softness of manner, for constant collision with so many young women had worn off the little asperities which had marked her conduct while at home.

9. "Well, Abby, how many silk dresses have

you?" said her father, as she opened a large new trunk. "Not *one*, father," said she, and she fixed her dark eyes upon him with an expression that told all. "But here are some little books for the children, and a new calico dress for mother; and here is a nice black silk handkerchief for you to wear around your neck on Sundays. Accept it, dear father; it is your daughter's first gift."

10. "It would have been better had you brought me a pair of spectacles, for I am sure I can not see any thing." There were tears in the rough farmer's eyes, but he tried to laugh and joke, that they might not be perceived. "But what did you do with all your money?"

11. "I thought I had better leave it there," said Abby, and she placed her bank book in her father's hand. Mr. Atkins looked a moment, and the forced smile faded away. The surprise had been too great; and tears fell thick and fast from the father's eyes. "It is but little," said Abby.

12. "But it is all you could save," replied the father, "and I am proud of you, Abby; yes, proud that I am the father of such a girl. It is not this paltry sum which pleases me so much, but the prudence, self-command, and real affection for us which you have displayed. But was it not sometimes hard to resist temptation?"

13. "Yes, father, *you* can never know how hard; but it was the thought of *this* night which sustained me through it all. I knew how you would smile, and what my mother would say and feel; and though there were some moments, yes, hours, that have seen

me wretched enough, yet this one evening will repay for all.

14. "There is only one thing now to mar my happiness, and that is the thought that this little fellow has quite forgotten me," and she drew Charley to her side.

15. The new picture book had already effected wonders, and in a few minutes Charley was in her lap, with his arms around her neck, and his mother could not persuade him to retire that night until he had given "Sister Abby" a hundred kisses.

16. "Father," said Abby, as she rose to retire when the tall clock struck eleven, "may I not some time go back to Lowell? I should like to add a little more to the sum in the bank, and I should be glad of *one* silk dress."

17. "Yes, Abby, you may do any thing you wish. I shall never again be afraid to let you spend a year in Lowell. You have shown yourself to be possessed of a virtue, without which no one can expect to gain either respect or confidence,—SELF-DENIAL."

Definitions.—Part I: 1. Sē'ri oŭs, *in earnest.* 3. Ĝĭd'dy, *heedless.* Hâre'-brāined, *wild.* 5. Prĕp a rā'tion, *previous arrangements.* 6. Sub dūed', *overcome.* 8. Reflĕct'ed, *thought.* Ac quĭ ĕs'çençe, *silent consent.* 9. Rĕck'less, *careless.* 12. Sĕlf-dis trŭst', *want of confidence in one's self.* 13. Pro pĕn'si ty, *inclination.* 15. Per pĕt'ū al, *continual.* Dĕs'per ate, *without hope.* 16. Dow'dy, *ill-looking.*

Part II: 4. Au thŏr'i ty, *rightful power to command.* As sur'-ançe, *promise inspiring confidence.* 6. Thrŏng, *company.* Clăm'-or oŭs, *noisy.* Ō'vert ūreş, *proposals.* Wāy'ward, *willful.* 8. Dĕl'i ca çy, *elegance.* Col lĭş'ion, *encounter.* As pĕr'i tieş, *roughness.* 12. Pal'try, *small.* 17. Cŏn'fi dençe, *trust.*

LESSON 37.

A HAPPY NEW-YEAR.

1. COMING, coming, coming!
Listen! perhaps you'll hear
Over the snow the bugles blow
To welcome the glad new year.
In the steeple tongues are swinging,
There are merry sleigh-bells ringing,
And the people for joy are singing,
It's coming, coming near.

2. Flying, sighing, dying,
Going away to-night,
Weary and old, its story told,
The year that was full and bright.
Oh, half we are sorry it's leaving;
Good-by has a sound of grieving;
But its work is done and its weaving;
God speed its parting flight!

3. Tripping, slipping, skipping,
Like a child in its wooing grace,
With never a tear and never a fear,
And a light in its laughing face;
With hands held out to greet us,
With gay little steps to meet us,
With sweet eyes that entreat us,
The new year comes to its place.

4. Coming, coming, coming!
Promising lovely things—
The gold and the gray of the summer day,
The winter with fleecy wings;
Promising swift birds glancing,
And the patter of rain-drops dancing,
And the sunbeam's arrowy lancing,
Dear gifts the new year brings.

5. Coming, coming, coming!
The world is a vision white;
From the powdered eaves to the sere-brown leaves
That are hidden out of sight.
In the steeple tongues are swinging,
The bells are merrily ringing,
And "Happy New-Year" we're singing,
For the old year goes to-night.

LESSON 38.

HOW GLOVES ARE MADE.

1. GLOVES are mostly made of the skins of sheep, lambs, deer, goats, and kids. These skins are soaked in lime-water, and the wool or hair is scraped off with a sharp knife. They are then "dressed" with alum and salt, and sold to the glove manufacturer.

2. In the manufactory, the skins are first placed in a wooden tub containing a mixture of the yolks of

eggs and hot water, and are stamped on heavily until the water looks pale instead of yellow. They have then absorbed enough of the egg to be ready for dyeing.

3. They are now taken to a large table on which are three pans, one containing ammonia, another the dye, and another a mixture called "striker." A workman takes a skin, lays it flat on the table, and brushes it with ammonia. He then scrapes it with a comb, which presses out the moisture.

4. If ammonia was not put on the skin, it would not take the dye. The dye is now put on with another brush, the skin is scraped again, and this process of dyeing and scraping is continued till the desired tint of color is obtained. The "striker" is used to fix the dye.

5. When six skins have been dyed, they are taken to the drying-room, where they are dried by the time six more can be dyed and the color fixed. When taken from the drying-room they are dampened, and then drawn tightly over a piece of rounded steel, to make them soft and elastic. Great strength is required for this work.

6. The next process is paring or scraping the flesh side of the skins with a perfectly round knife having a handle in the middle. They are then planed again, after which they are polished by rubbing with a heavy glass disk or other smooth substance. Finally they are stretched on a marble table, and smoothed with a blunt knife.

7. The skins are now ready to be made into gloves. They are moistened and stretched, and the parts cut

out by steel punches of the shape and size desired. The wrist-welt, the thumbs, and the pieces inserted between the fingers are cut out separately.

8. In glove manufactories, the greater part of the sewing is done by hand, though machine sewing is utilized to some extent. The pieces to be sewn together by hand are placed in a machine so constructed as to secure a neat, uniform stitch.

9. After the sewing is done, the backs are stitched, which is called "tambouring," the wrist-welt is attached, the button-hole is made, the gloves are dampened and stretched to their utmost length, and they are ready to be stamped, sorted, and ironed to make them smooth.

Definitions.—2. Dȳe'ing, *coloring.* 3. Am mō'ni a, *a substance often called spirits of hartshorn.* 5. E lăs'tic, *springy, springing back.* 6. Dĭsk, *a flat, round plate.* 7. Wrĭst'-wĕlt, *band around the wrist.* In sĕrt'ed, *put in.* 8. Ū'til īzed, *made use of.* Ū'ni fôrm, *not varying.* 9. Ūt'mōst, *extreme.*

LESSON 39.

EXAMPLE.

ONCE Sultan Nushirvan, the Just, hunting,
Stopped in an open field to take a lunch.
He wanted salt, and to a servant said,
"Go, get some at the nearest house, but pay
The price the peasant asks." "Great king," exclaimed

The servant, "thou art lord o'er all this realm;
Why take the pains to buy a little salt?"
"It is a little thing," said Nushirvan,
"And so, at first, was all the evil whose
Most monstrous load now presses so the world.
Were there no little wrongs, no great could be.
If I from off a poor man's tree should pluck
A single apple, straight my slaves would rob
The whole tree to its root; if I should seize
Five eggs, my ministers at once would snatch

A hundred hens. Therefore, strict justice
Must I, even in unimportant acts, observe.
Bring salt, but pay the peasant what he asks."

Definitions.—Lŭnch, *a meal between breakfast and dinner.* Lôrd, *ruler.* Rĕalm, *kingdom.* Mŏn'stroŭs, *huge, enormous.* Mĭn'is ters, *servants.* Strĭct, *exact.*

LESSON 40.

A REPUBLIC OF PRAIRIE-DOGS.

Washington Irving was born in New York, April 3, 1783. His writings are distinguished by gracefulness of style, and many of them by genial humor and good-natured satire. He spent many years abroad, and was Minister to Spain from 1842 to 1846. He died at Sunnyside, his home on the Hudson, November 28, 1859.

1. THE prairie-dog is an animal of the cony kind, about the size of a rabbit. He is of a sprightly, mercurial nature; quick, sensitive, and somewhat petulant. He is very gregarious, living in large communities, sometimes of several acres in extent, where innumerable little heaps of earth show the entrances to the subterranean cells of the inhabitants, and the well-beaten tracks, like lanes and streets, show their mobility and restlessness.

2. According to the accounts given of them, they would seem to be continually full of sport, business, and public affairs; whisking about hither and thither, as if on gossiping visits to each other's houses, or

congregating in the cool of the evening, or after a shower, and gamboling together in the open air.

3. Sometimes, especially when the moon shines, they pass half the night in revelry, barking or yelping with short, quick, yet weak tones, like those of very young puppies.

4. While in the height of their playfulness and clamor, however, should there be the least alarm, they all vanish into their cells in an instant, and the village remains blank and silent. In case they are hard pressed by their pursuers, without any hope of escape, they will assume a pugnacious air, and a most whimsical look of impotent wrath and defiance.

5. The prairie-dogs are not permitted to remain sole and undisturbed inhabitants of their own homes. Owls and rattlesnakes are said to take up their abodes with them, but whether as invited guests or unwelcome intruders is a matter of controversy.

6. The owls are of a peculiar kind, and would seem to partake of the character of the hawk, for they are taller and more erect on their legs, more alert in their looks and rapid in their flight than ordinary owls, and do not confine their excursions to the night, but sally forth in broad day.

7. Some say that they only inhabit cells which the prairie-dogs have deserted, and suffered to go to ruin, in consequence of the death in them of some relative; for they would make out this little animal to be endowed with keen sensibilities, that will not permit it to remain in the dwelling where it has witnessed the death of a friend.

8. Other fanciful speculators represent the owl as a

kind of a housekeeper to the prairie-dog, and, from having a note very similar, insinuate that it acts in a manner as family preceptor, and teaches the young litter to bark.

9. As to the rattlesnake, nothing satisfactory has been ascertained of the part he plays in this most interesting household, though he is considered as little better than a sycophant and sharper, that winds himself into the concerns of the honest, credulous little dog, and takes him in most sadly.

10. Certain it is, if he acts as toad-eater, he occasionally solaces himself with more than the usual perquisites of his order, as he is now and then detected with one of the younger members of the family in his maw.

11. It was towards evening that I set out with a companion to visit the village in question. Unluckily, it had been invaded in the course of the day by some of the rangers, who had shot two or three of its inhabitants, and thrown the whole sensitive community into confusion.

12. As we approached, we could perceive numbers of the inhabitants seated at the entrances of their cells, while sentinels seemed to have been posted on the outskirts to keep a lookout. At sight of us, the picket-guards scampered in and gave the alarm; whereupon, every inhabitant gave a short yelp or bark, and dived into his hole, his heels twinkling in the air as if he had thrown a somersault.

13. We traversed the whole village, or republic, which covered an area of about thirty acres; but not a whisker of an inhabitant was to be seen. We

probed their cells as far as the ramrods of our rifles would reach, but could unearth neither dog, nor owl, nor rattlesnake.

14. Moving quietly to a little distance, we lay down upon the ground and watched for a long time, silent and motionless. By-and-by, a cautious old burgher would slowly put forth the end of his nose, but instantly draw it in again.

15. Another, at a greater distance, would emerge entirely; but, catching a glance of us, would throw a somersault, and plunge back again into his hole. At length, some who resided on the opposite side of the village, taking courage from the continued stillness, would steal forth, and hurry off to a distant hole, the residence possibly of some family connection or gossiping friend with whom they wished to compare notes about the late occurrences.

16. We rose from the ground and moved forward, to take a nearer view of these public proceedings, when, yelp! yelp! yelp!—there was a shrill alarm passed from mouth to mouth; the meetings suddenly dispersed; feet twinkled in the air in every direction; and in an instant all had vanished into the earth.

Definitions.—1. C̄ō'ny, *rabbit.* Mer ēū'ri al, *active.* Pĕt'-ū lant, *ill-humored, cross.* Sŭb ter rā'ne an, *under the surface of the earth.* Mo bĭl'i ty, *activity.* 3. Rĕv'el ry, *noisy sport.* 4. Pug nā'cioŭs, *fighting.* Ĭm'po tent, *feeble.* 5. C̄ŏn'tro vĕr sy, *dispute.* 6. A lĕrt', *watchful.* 8. In sĭn'ū āte, *hint.* Pre çĕp'-tor, *teacher.* 9. Sȳe'o phant, *deceiver, flatterer.* 10. Sŏl'a çeş, *comforts.* Pēr'qui şites, *allowances made beyond ordinary wages.* 12. Pĭck'et-gŭardş, *guards on outposts.* 13. Trăv'ersed, *went through.* 14. Bûrgh'er, *inhabitant.*

LESSON 41.

MUTUAL DISSATISFACTION.

1. A MAN in his carriage was riding along,
   A gayly-dressed wife by his side,
   In satin and laces; she looked like a queen,
   And he like a king in his pride.

2. A wood-sawyer stood in the street as they passed;
   The carriage and couple he eyed,
   And said as he worked with a saw on a log,
   "I wish I was rich and could ride."

3. The man in the carriage remarked to his wife:
   "One thing I would give if I could—
   I'd give all my wealth for the strength and the health,
   Of the man that saweth the wood."

4. A pretty young maid, with a bundle of work,
   Whose face as the morning was fair,
   Went tripping along, with a smile of delight,
   While humming a love-breathing air.

5. She looked on the carriage—the lady she saw,
   Arrayed in apparel so fine,
   And said, in a whisper, "I wish from my heart
   Those satins and laces were mine."

6. The lady looked out on the maid with her work,
   So fair in her calico dress,
   And said, "I'd relinquish possession and wealth
   Her beauty and youth to possess."

7. Thus, in this world, whatever our lot,
Our minds and our time we employ
In longing and sighing for what we have not,
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

8. We welcome the pleasure for which we have sighed,—
The heart has a void in it still,
Growing deeper and wider the longer we live,
That nothing but heaven can fill.

Definitions.—2. Wŏŏd'-sa̤w yer, *one that saws wood.* 4. Trĭp'ping, *stepping quickly and lightly.* 5. Ar rāyed', *adorned with dress.* Ap păr'el, *dress.* 6. Re lĭn̲'quish, *to give up.* 8. Void, *empty space.*

LESSON 42.

THE TIGER.

1. THE tiger has aptly been called "the despot of the jungle." Its beauty only hides its cruelty of disposition, just as the splendor of some Asiatic court in bygone days concealed the brutality of a tyrant.

2. In Bengal, policemen are charged not only with the preservation of peace and order, and the arrest of law-breakers, but also with the destruction of wild animals. This fact helps us to realize the scale upon which tigers, in India, commit their depredations.

3. Not many years ago, a tigress made life a burden to the inhabitants of a village, till the deputy magistrate assigned to six constables the duty of

hunting her down. She was known to hide herself in a jungle not a mile from the police-office.

4. The men went to the spot she was last seen to enter, and began to fire into the jungle. The tigress sprang out suddenly, and seized one of them, wounding him seriously. With great courage he held to the animal till his comrades killed her.

5. When a tiger quarters himself on a village, the natives pay dearly for the visit. Sallying forth in search of food, he generally dispatches at least a sheep or a cow before returning to his lair.

6. The villagers, as a rule, have to suffer this havoc till help comes from outside, for few of them have fire-arms or are skilled in using them. Any one attempting to drive the tiger away is usually felled to the ground by a stroke of the paw, and sometimes is slain outright.

7. The tigress is much attached to her cubs, which are as lively and frolicsome as kittens. You would not like to peep into the real lair of a tigress, especially if she happened to be at home to all callers.

8. The cubs remain with the mother till they are about two years old, when they are almost full-grown, and leave their home to provide for themselves. The tigress watches over them with great care, and so long as they remain with her she is remarkably vicious.

9. She teaches them how to obtain their prey, practicing first on the smaller beasts; and so well do they profit by her example, that they soon become more destructive than she.

10. Experience, however, brings wisdom, and animals which, when young, would kill three or four cows in a day, in the course of a few years are satisfied if they slay the same number in a week.

Definitions.—1. Dĕs'pot, *tyrant.* Jŭn'gle, *land covered with trees, brushwood, reeds, etc.* Brŭ tăl'ity, *inhumanity, cruelty.* 2. Dĕp re dā'tions, *acts of destruction.* 3. Dĕp'ū ty, *one who acts for another.* As sīgned', *allotted.* Cŏn'sta bles, *officers of the peace.* 5. Dis pătch'es, *kills.* Lâir, *hiding-place.* 6. Hăv'oc, *destruction, waste.*

Language Exercise.—The teacher will, by proper questions, lead the pupils to observe that every sentence has two parts—two words, at least, which are necessary to make a sentence. In this, and several subsequent lessons, let the children write these words, or copy sentences from the lessons or write original ones, underscoring the essential words. The terms subject and predicate may be given. Give numerous exercises in changing the subject as to number, and lead the children to observe the necessary change in the predicate. Give them short sentences, as, *Birds fly*, and require them to expand it by adding words to both subject and predicate; as, *The black birds fly swiftly.*

LESSON 43.

NECESSITY OF SLEEP.

1. If you are to work well, you must sleep well. If you are to keep your health, and strength, and youth—to carry your powers of work with you to the last—you must sedulously pay court to your pillow. It will commonly be found that the men who carry their years lightly are men who possess the faculty of sleeping at will.

2. If you have much work to do, you must not account time spent in sleep to be time lost. It is time gained. It is an essential part of the duty of the day. I had once an old servant who used to say, "Well, I have done my work—now I'll get my sleeping done." Sleeping was, in her philosophy, a thing to be done—not in a passive state, but as an active part of her duty.

3. And every workman should so consider it. Let him sleep in his bed, if he can, at proper hours of the night; if not, let him sleep at any odd time, when nature invites him to rest himself. If we do not play tricks with ourselves, if we work hard without overworking ourselves, sleep will rarely be coy to us; we can sleep in almost any place.

4. As a general rule, it may be said that busy men are better sleepers than idlers, and that mental labor contributes more to sound sleep than bodily fatigue. I believe that only mere novices in work are kept awake by the thought of it.

5. Experienced workmen acquire a habit of shaking off its thoughts when they will. If there is one thing in life for which I am profoundly thankful to the Giver of all good, it is for the gift of sleep.

Definitions.—1. Sĕd'ū loŭs ly, *diligently.* Făc'ul ty, *power.* 2. Es sĕn'tial, *important in the highest degree.* Păs'sīve, *not active.* 4. Mĕn'tal, *pertaining to the mind.* Nŏv'i çeş, *those who are new in any business.* 5. Pro found'ly, *intensely.*

LESSON 44.

THE PARROT.

By **Thomas Campbell,** a Scottish poet born in Glasgow in 1777. *Gertrude of Wyoming* and the *Pleasures of Hope* are his most noted poetical works. Some of his shorter poems are classed among the best in the English language. He contributed largely to the periodical literature of the day, and in 1827 he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow.

1. A PARROT, from the Spanish Main,
   Full young and early caged came o'er,
   With bright wings, to the bleak domain
   Of Mulla's shore.

2. To spicy groves where he had won
   His plumage of resplendent hue,
   His native fruits, and skies, and sun,
   He bade adieu.

3. For these he changed the smoke of turf,
   A heathery land and misty sky,
   And turned to rocks and raging surf
   His golden eye.

4. But petted in our climate cold,
   He lived and chattered many a day;
   Until, with age, from green and gold
   His wings grew gray.

5. At last, when blind and seeming dumb,
   He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,
   A Spanish stranger chanced to come
   To Mulla's shore.

6. He hailed the bird in Spanish speech,
The bird in Spanish speech replied;
Flapped round the cage with joyous screech,
Dropped down, and died.

Definitions.—1. Blēak, *cold and desolate.* Do māin′, *region.* 2. Plūm′aġe, *feathers.* Re splĕn′dent, *very bright.* A dieū′, *farewell.* 3. Tûrf, *a kind of fuel.* 6. Scrēech, *shrill cry.*

Notes.—*Spanish Main*, the northern coast of South America; a name applied to the track of the treasure-ships of Spain, and a favorite haunt of buccaneers and pirates. *Mull*, an island off the western coast of Scotland.

LESSON 45.

THE WISE JUDGE.

1. A CHRISTIAN merchant having entrusted to a Turkish camel-driver a number of bales of silk, to be conveyed from Aleppo to Constantinople, set off with him on the journey; but before they had traveled half the distance he fell sick, and was unable to go on with the caravan.

2. Some weeks having elapsed without the merchant making his appearance, the camel-driver imagined him to be dead; he then sold the silks, and changed his occupation.

3. At length the merchant arrived at Constantinople, found him out after many inquiries, and demanded his merchandise. The knave pretended not to know him, and denied that he had ever been a camel-driver.

4. The cadi, before whom the affair was brought,

said to the merchant, "What is it that you require?" "Twenty bales of silk," replied he, "which I gave into the care of this man."

5. "What answer can you give to this?" said the cadi to the camel-driver. "I do not know what he means by his talking of bales of silk and camels; I never saw him, nor knew him, nor was ever a camel-driver."

6. The cadi, turning to the merchant, then asked him what proof he could bring in support of his assertions. The merchant could produce no other than that sickness had prevented him from following the camel-driver.

7. The cadi said they were both fools, and bade them go about their business. He then turned his back upon them. While they were going out together, he opened the window, and called out, "Camel-driver, I want to speak a word with you."

8. The Turk immediately turned his head. The cadi then compelled him to come back, ordered him to be punished, and made him confess his roguery; after which he ordered him to pay the merchant the value of the silks, and imposed a fine on him for taking a false oath.

Definitions.—1. Con veyed', *carried.* Căr'a văn, *a company of merchants and others traveling together in the Orient over the deserts; this is done for protection from robbers.* 3. Mĕr'chandīse, *goods.* 4. Cā'dī, *judge.* 6. As sĕr'tions, *statements.* 8. Im pōsed', *laid as a charge.* Ōath, *a statement made with an appeal to God for its truth.*

Questions.—Why did the camel-driver sell the silk? What did he say to the judge? In what way did the judge learn of his dishonesty? What was the thief's punishment?

LESSON 46.

EYES OF SOME INSECTS.

1. THE gift of sight is one very unequally distributed throughout the animal kingdom. Some creatures enjoy it in excess, like the eagle; others are totally deprived of it, like the earth-worm. In many other instances, the sense of sight, if not actually lacking, is extremely imperfect, as in the case of the mole.

2. Insects are, in many cases, far more richly endowed with eyes than even birds or beasts. The little whirligig which swims about the surface of standing water, has a double set of optics, the upper portion of the eyes — fitted for seeing in the air — being placed in the upper portion of the head; and the lower portion — fitted for seeing in the water — are found in the lower portion of the head; a thin division separating the two.

3. Spiders have six eyes — some species, eight; centipeds twenty. The eyes of many insects — as bees, butterflies, dragon-flies — are composed of a number of facets, each eye being, in fact, a cluster of eyes. Dr. Hook counted 14,000 facets in the eye of a dragon-fly.

4. Leeuwenhoek (Lûr'ven hook) adapted one of the eyes of a dragon-fly so as to be able to see objects through it by means of a microscope, and found that he could view the steeple of a church seven hundred feet from the place where he stood, and could also distinguish the door of a house at the same distance.

5. Fleas' eyes diminish as well as multiply objects, as Puget (Pü'zha) discovered by repeating Leeuwenhoek's experiment. "A soldier viewed through it represented an army of pigmies; the flame of a candle seemed the illumination of a thousand lamps."

6. Blind or imperfectly-sighted human beings may think with envy of the beautiful provision of visual organs bestowed by nature on some of her children; and yet many creatures live happily with but a small share of the blessings of sight.

7. In some of the insects that possess the largest share of visual organs, some other sense—as taste, hearing, or touch—is deficient. Huber believes their senses both of hearing and touch to be deficient.

8. On the other hand, the blind earth-worm will retreat rapidly into its hole if the light of a candle is thrown upon it; its sense of hearing or smell warning it of the approach of the danger it can not see.

9. A bat's senses of touch, hearing, and smell are so acute that it depends little on the aid of its eyes. Blinded bats, in their flight through a room, avoid even the smallest thread placed to obstruct their way.

Definitions.—1. Ex çĕss′, *the state of going beyond usual limits.* 2. Ŏp′tics, *eyes.* 3. Făç′ets, *small surfaces.* 4. Mī′eroscōpe, *an instrument with which to examine very small objects.* 5. Dĭ mĭn′ish, *to lessen in apparent size.* Pĭg′mieş, *dwarfs, very small persons.* Il lū mi nā′tion, *brightness.* 6. Vĭş′ū al, *pertaining to the sight.* Ôr′gans, *instruments by which actions are performed.* 7. De fĭ′cient, *not sufficient.* 9. Ob strŭct′, *hinder from passing.*

Note.—The children should be encouraged to examine insects for themselves, and to write out the results of their investigations.

LESSON 47.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS.

Robert Southey, the author of this selection, was born in Bristol, England, April 12, 1774, and died at Greta Hall, March 21, 1843. He was a voluminous writer in both poetry and prose, and was made Poet Laureate in 1813.

1. "You are old, Father William," the young man cried;
"The few locks which are left you are gray;
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

2. "In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I remembered that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigor at first,
That I never might need them at last."

3. "You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"And pleasures with youth pass away;
And yet you lament not the days that are gone;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

4. "In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I remembered that youth could not last;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."

5. "You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"And life must be hastening away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

6. "I am cheerful, young man," Father William replied;
"Let the cause thy attention engage;
In the days of my youth I remembered my God!
And he hath not forgotten my age."

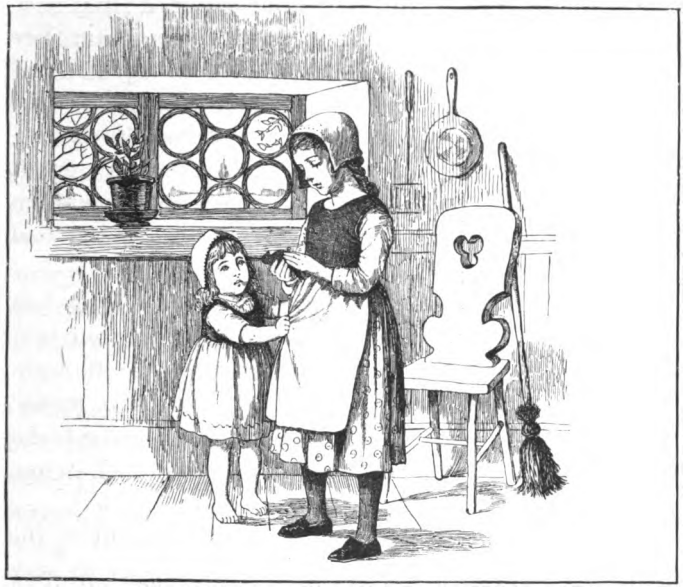
Definitions.—1. Hāle, *healthy.* Heärt'y, *showing strength.* Rēa'son, *cause.* 2. Vīg'or, *strength.* 3. La mĕnt', *to mourn for.* 6. En gāge', *to employ.*

LESSON 48.

LITTLE GRETCHEN.

1. SHE thought it was exactly like other days. It began by her getting up even a little earlier than usual, so that she had time to arrange her hair neatly. Mrs. Dunlap, the American lady, meeting her on the stairs, said to herself, "The child has very pretty hair."

2. Gertrude was up early, too, and out of the house, with bare feet, and into mischief. Little Gertrude was really the most mischievous four-year-old that was ever born, I do think! Gretchen was sent for her in haste, and coaxed her in. What do you suppose she had in her hand? A half-frozen bird!



3. "Poor little thing!" said Gretchen, meaning the bird; and she took it and petted it back into life, and bore silently the rather sharp scolding of the house-mother for letting naughty Gertrude out into the cold. She did not even explain that she was at work in the outer kitchen, and knew nothing of the child's movements.

4. "It is a wonder she does n't explain," thought Mrs. Dunlap, who had been looking on and knew all about it. This thought interested her so much that, later in the day, she asked Gretchen about it.

5. "What use?" said Gretchen, smiling. "She knew she sent me to another place to work; when

she thought it over, she knew all about it; but just then she was tried, and what use for me to try her yet more?"

6. "She is a thoughtful little girl, and good tempered, withal," said Mrs. Dunlap; but this she said to herself. That half-frozen little bird received much care that day, yet I have never heard that Gretchen neglected any of her work, and, as I said, she had much to do.

7. Upstairs and down, where did not her busy feet have to run? She sang, much of the time, bursting into little snatches of happy song when she thought she was out of hearing, keeping quiet as a mouse when anybody was near. "She has a wonderful voice," said Mrs. Dunlap; but nobody told Gretchen that.

8. A good deal of Gretchen's time was spent in the kitchen—not a pleasant place for a little girl to stay in. At least Mrs. Dunlap thought so. To be sure, every thing was neat and clean, but it was in what Minnie Dunlap called "a huddle."

9. Out-of-doors the day was bright, and half the children of the town were enjoying the flurry of snow. They came for Gretchen, but the house-mother said, "No, Gretchen has work to do." She seemed always to have work to do.

10. Mrs. Dunlap wondered if she would cry, or look gloomy and pout. She did neither. She was still a few minutes, and then, as she ground the black coffee for supper, she kept time to the grinding with a queer little German air that was half sad, half merry.

11. The American lady had come to the kitchen on an errand, and saw her. "Gretchen is a cheerful little thing," she said to the house-mother, after they had left the kitchen.

12. "Yes," the woman answered; "she is always good-natured; and why should n't she be? She has plenty to eat, and good clothes to wear, while many other children, whose father and mother are dead, go hungry to bed." All this the house-wife said in queer-sounding German words, but Mrs. Dunlap understood her.

13. She then said that while she had only taken Gretchen in out of charity, she meant to do well by her, and teach her to work and earn her living. By-and-by she could go across seas, may be, and get good wages doing housework.

14. "I don't believe she will," said Mrs. Dunlap with a smile; but this she said to herself. And Gretchen, thinking everybody was out of hearing, sang on, a gay, cheery song.

15. Putting all the little bits of the day together, watching Gretchen, who was tender to the little bird, tender to the mischievous little girl, respectful to the house-mother who wasted no tender words on her, industrious, quiet, faithful all that busy day, Mrs. Dunlap settled something in her own mind.

16. It was when Gretchen came to bring her candles, and hastened away with as quick a step and as pleasant a face as if she had not been called a hundred times before, that day, that Mrs. Dunlap said to Minnie, "I mean to do it." And Minnie said, "Aunt Katie, I 'm so glad."

17. The next morning the story came out. The rich American lady wanted to take Gretchen, the orphan girl, "across seas" with her. She would send her to school, and would teach her to sing, and to play the piano, and would be a friend to her always. Would Gretchen go? Ah, would n't she?

18. "Gretchen," said Mrs. Dunlap one day, when they were on the great ship, "do you know it was that Thursday when the snow came, and the little bird was almost frozen, and Gertrude ran away barefoot and found it, that I made up my mind to take you home with me. You decided it, my dear."

19. "Ma'am!" said Gretchen, with wide-open eyes. "I did not do any thing that day, only just my bits of duties." Ah, if each day we only did our bits of duties!

Definitions.—5. Trĭed, *troubled.* 6. With al′, *likewise, also.* 7. Snătch′es, *fragments.* 8. Hŭd′dle, *confusion, without order.* 9. Flŭr′ry, *a sudden fall of snow.* 11. Ĕr′rand, *special business.* 13. Chăr′i ty, *good-will, kindness.*

Questions.—Name some of Gretchen's many duties. Why was she able to perform all of them? Why was Mrs. Dunlap so pleased with her? Do you think you can tell any thing of Gretchen's future?

Language Exercise.—Give the children oral and written exercises in sentences in which the same action is expressed in present, past, and future time. Drill in the use of words helping to express an act; as, *may, can, must, might, could, would, should, will, shall, do, has, had.* Many exercises in the correct use of *shall* and *will*, and *would* and *should* will be necessary to secure habitually correct expression. Let the children write sentences using *write, wrote, written; sing, sang, sung; run, ran; bear, bore, borne*, etc. These exercises should be continued through several subsequent lessons.

LESSON 49.

THE SNOW-BIRDS.

1. FELL the fairy snow-flakes glittering
To the ground;
Came the little snow-birds twittering
All around;
While a little maiden
With her dinner-basket heavy laden,
And each fold
Of her mantle drawn about her tightly,
Whispered to herself while smiling brightly,
"I 'm not cold."

2. Lay a little robin-redbreast lowly,
With torn wing;
Came his breath up feebly, slowly,
While, shivering,
Drooped his head;
When a little chirping snow-bird said,
Loud and bold,
"Stir about, friend robin! stir about!"
But the robin answered feebly to his shout,
"I am cold."

3. Came a troop of snow-birds swiftly flying
O'er the plain,
Close where little robin red was lying
In his pain.
Gathering round,

They uttered many a curious sound
Like birds of old.
Round and round the wounded bird they fluttered,
While most feebly little red-breast muttered,
"I am cold."

4. "Cold?" chirped they; then each birdie flew
To the glade,
Where erst the tall grass palely grew
In the shade.
A wisp of hay
One gathered in his onward way,
And one rolled
A little leaf up in his tiny bill,
While all alone, the little robin murmured still,
"I am cold."

5. Back they hied, each little beak well laden
From the dell,
To the robin; while the little maiden
Watched them well.
And all over
The poor bird they spread a leafy cover
Fold by fold,
Chirping kindly 'mid their busy care,
While the robin murmured, lying there,
"I am cold."

6. The maiden then from 'neath her basket cover
Her dinner drew.
All the little snow-birds vieing with each other
Round her flew;
And the bread

To the famished, freezing robin red
They quickly doled.
Then most blithely warbled they and fluttered,
For no longer little redbreast muttered,
"I am cold."

7. Still with little dimpled face uplifted,
Smooth and fair,
While the feathery, falling snow had drifted
In her hair,
Stood the little maiden,
With her dinner-basket lightly laden,
And each fold
Of her mantle drawn about her tightly,
Whispering to herself while smiling brightly,
"I'm not cold."

8. Close beside her mother's knee that even,
A little maid,
Kneeling with moist eye upturned to heaven,
Softly prayed:
"Make me, Holy Father! kind, I pray,
As the little snow-birds were to-day.
And enfold
All thy children 'neath thy sheltering wing,
That not one may sigh in suffering
'I am cold.'"

LESSON 50.

THE PEABODY BIRD.

1. THE White Throat is one of the birds for whom I cherish a special liking. On my first trip to the mountains, I jumped off the train for a moment at Bartlett, New Hamsphire, and had hardly touched the ground before I heard his familiar call. Here, then, was Mr. Peabody at home. Season after season he had camped near me in Massachusetts, and many a time I had been gladdened by his lively serenade; now he greeted me from his own native woods.

2. So far as my observations have gone, he is common throughout the mountain region; and that in spite of the standard guide-book, which puts him down as patronizing the Glen House exclusively. He knows the routes too well to need any guide, however, and may be excused for his ignorance of the official programme.

3. It is wonderful how sly he is; the more wonderful, because, during his migrations, his manner is so very different. Then, even in a city park, you may watch him at your leisure, while his loud, clear whistle is often to be heard rising above a din of horse-cars and heavy wagons.

4. But here, in his summer quarters, you will listen to his song a hundred times before you once catch a glimpse of the singer. At first thought it seems strange that a bird should be most at home when he

is away from home; but in the one case he has nothing but his own safety to consult, while in the other he is thinking of those whose lives are more to him than his own, and whose hiding-place he is every moment on the alert to conceal.

5. In Massachusetts we do not expect to find sparrows in deep woods. They belong in fields and pastures, in roadside thickets or by fence-rows and old stone-walls bordered with barberry bushes and alders. But these White Throats are children of the wilderness.

6. It is one charm of their music that it always comes, or seems to come, from such a distance,—from far up the mountain-side, or from the inaccessible depths of some ravine. I shall not soon forget its wild beauty as it rose out of the spruce forests below me, while I was enjoying an evening promenade, all by myself, over the long, flat summit of Moosilauke (Moos i la'ke).

7. From his habit of singing late at night, this sparrow is in some places known as the nightingale. His more common name is the Peabody bird; while a Jefferson man, who was driving me over the Cherry Mountain road, called him the Peverly bird, and told me the following story:

8. A farmer named Peverly was walking about his fields, one spring morning, trying to make up his mind whether the time had come to put in his wheat. The question was important, and he was still in a deep quandary, when a bird spoke up out of the wood and said, "Sow wheat, Peverly, Peverly, Peverly!—Sow wheat, Peverly, Peverly, Peverly!" That

settled the matter. The wheat was sown, and in the fall a most abundant harvest was gathered; and ever since then this little feathered oracle has been known as the Peverly bird.

Definitions.—1. Sĕr e nāde′, *music in the open air.* 2. Route, (Rōōt), *way that is traveled.* Of fĭ′cial, *made by authority.* Prō′-grăm̃me, *an outline of an order to be pursued.* 3. Mī grā′tion, *going from one place to another.* 6. In ac çĕss′i ble, *not to be reached by human beings.* Ra vĭne′, *a deep hollow usually worn by a stream of water.* Prŏm e nāde′, *walk for exercise or amusement.* 8. Quạn′da ry, *doubt.* Ôr′a cle, *prophet.*

Questions.—Repeat in your own language what the writer has told you of the Peabody bird. By what other names is he known? How did he get the name of Peverly bird?

LESSON 51.

LITTLE BELL.

1. PIPED the blackbird on the beech-wood spray:
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?" quoth he;
"What's your name? Oh, stop! and straight unfold,
Pretty maid, with showery curls of gold."
"Little Bell," said she.

2. Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks;
Tossed aside her gleaming, golden locks:
"Bonny bird," quoth she,
"Sing your best song before I go."
"Here's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell," said he.

3. And the blackbird piped: you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird,—
Full of quips and wiles,
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

4. And the while that bonny bird did pour
His full heart out freely, o'er and o'er,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow
From the brown, bright eyes.

5. Down the dell she tripped, and through the glade:
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel-shade,
And from out the tree
Swung, and leaped, and frolicked, void of fear;
While bold blackbird piped, that all might hear,—
"Little Bell," piped he.

6. Little Bell sat down amid the fern:
"Squirrel, squirrel, to your task return;
Bring me nuts," quoth she.
Up, away, the frisky squirrel hies,
Golden wood-lights glancing in his eyes;
And adown the tree,
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap drop, one by one.
Hark! how blackbird pipes to see the fun!
"Happy Bell!" pipes he.

7. And while those frolic playmates twain
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow
From the brown, bright eyes.

8. By her snow-white cot, at close of day,
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to pray.
Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,
In blue heaven, an angel-shape serene
Paused a while to hear.

9. "What good child is this?" the angel said,
"That, with happy heart beside her bed,
Prays so lovingly?"
Low and soft, oh! very low and soft,
Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft;
"Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

10. "Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair
Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care:
Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm; love deep and kind
Shall watch round, and leave good gifts behind,
Little Bell, for thee."

Definitions.—1. Pīped, *whistled.* Un fōld′, *tell.* 3. Quĭps, *smart turns.* Wīleş, *tricks.* 5. Dĕll, *a small valley.* Glāde, *an open space in a forest.* 6. Hīeş, *goes in haste.* 8. Cŏt, *bed.* Pälmş, *hands.* Se rēne′, *calm.* 9. Croōned, *sang in a low tone.* Crŏft, *an inclosed field.*

LESSON 52.

AN EXCITING CHASE.

1. It was on a lowering morning, many a year ago, that the schooner Swallow was off the northern end of Cape Cod. She was bound for Boston with some prisoners taken from an English merchantman. The wind was north-east and fair, although threatening a storm.

2. The Swallow was a privateer belonging to New York. She carried cannon and a large crew, and was permitted by the government to attack the enemy's ships as if she were a man-of-war.

3. Although the wind was fair for making her port, the trim little schooner was not quite sure of reaching Boston without a struggle; for, as soon as it was light enough to see clearly, the lookout shouted, "Sail ho!" "Where away?" cried the captain, eagerly. "On the weather quarter, sir," replied the lookout.

4. The captain immediately directed his spy-glass toward the stranger; for, if she should prove to be one of the enemy's merchantmen, chase must be made at once; while, if she turned out to be a war-ship, all sail must be crowded on to get away from her if she were large and heavily armed.

5. The stranger proved to be a British frigate bearing down on the Swallow with all sails set. The orders now ran quickly through the schooner. Sail after sail was spread, until the little privateer fairly staggered under the pressure of her canvas.

6. An hour passed away, and, as the sun burst for a moment out of the clouds and lit up the sea and the sails of the frigate, it became evident that she was gaining fast on the Yankee schooner. The prize cargo that was stowed below the decks was thrown overboard to lighten the vessel, but still the frigate gained rapidly.

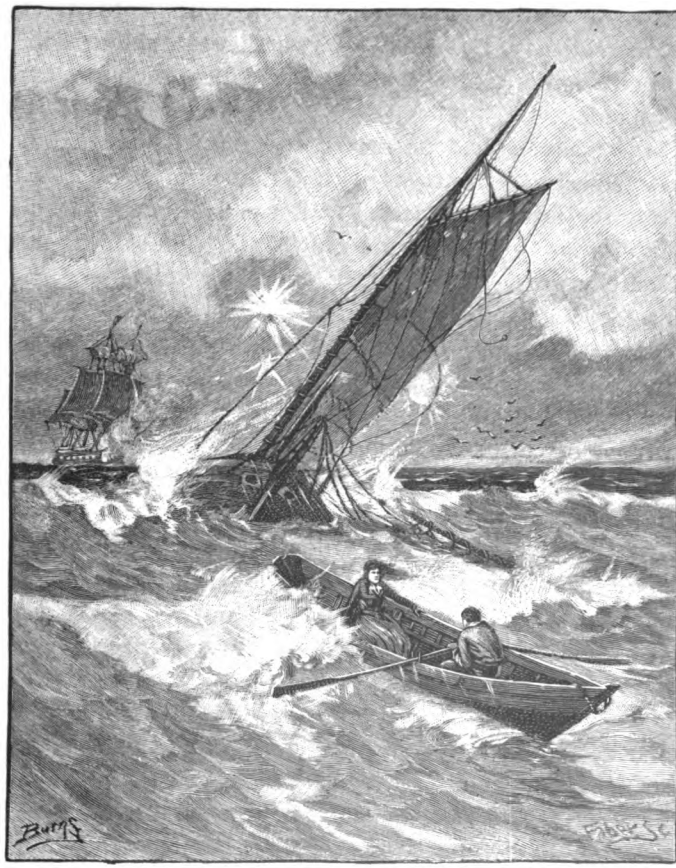
7. The breeze grew stronger, and the Swallow had to take in her lighter sails lest her spars should be carried away. To balance this reduction of canvas, several of the guns were now heaved overboard.

8. The frigate still gained so fast that the course of the schooner was changed to south-east, with the hope that she might be able to get to Scituate or some other port on the south shore before the enemy could overtake her.

9. The chase now became intensely exciting, especially after the frigate opened fire with her bow-chasers, hoping to cripple the spars of the privateer before she could get where her crew, at least, could escape on shore.

10. Among the English prisoners on the Swallow was a young woman who now found herself in a fight at sea for the first time. She sat alone in the cabin, listening to the booming of the cannon with alarm. She knew that if the schooner escaped, she would still be a prisoner; while, if the frigate came much nearer, she was in great danger of being killed at any instant by a cannon-ball.

11. Such a sea was running on the bar at Scituate that the captain of the Swallow did not dare to run in there; so he made for the beach at Brant Cove,



proposing to run her on shore at that place. This was the only hope now left her crew of escaping the fate of being made prisoners.

12. As the Swallow neared the shore, the captain cried to the man at the wheel, "Steady as you go!"

It was a thrilling moment; it took courage to wreck a fine ship. "Look out for your lives!" shouted the captain again, as he saw that the critical moment was at hand.

13. Scarcely had he said the words when the Swallow struck the bottom with a shock which carried away the foremast. It fell with a violent crash, killing or injuring several of the crew. The shot from the frigate were now flying fast over the schooner, and would soon have sunk her.

14. All hands rushed forward, and, leaping over the bow, made for the shore as best they could in the surf. They had all got on shore, when the young woman in the cabin appeared on deck screaming for help. In their hurry to escape, the crew had forgotten her.

15. Luther Thomas, a sailor lad, one of the crew of the privateer, heard the cries of the poor woman, and decided at once that it was his duty to rescue her if possible, although he could do so only at the risk of his life.

16. He found a fisherman's dory lying on the beach. Shoving off in this crazy craft, against the surf, heeding not the balls which whistled around him, he finally got under the bow of the Swallow, and told the young woman to let herself down into the boat with a rope.

17. While the brave boy was rowing her ashore, the balls fell fast around them; and as they landed, a bar-shot actually flew between their heads and lodged in the sand just beyond them. The frigate stood out to sea again after riddling the Swallow with shot.

18. The privateer went to pieces where she ran aground. The bar-shot which came so near killing the young hero was picked up and preserved by him.

Definitions.—1. Mĕr'chant man, *a trading vessel.* 5. Frĭg'ate, *a kind of ship of war.* Căn'vas, *sails.* 6. Cär'gō, *goods conveyed in a ship.* 7. Spärs, *masts.* 8. Cōurse, *the direction in which a ship sails.* 9. Bow'-chās ers, *guns fired from the bow of a ship.* 11. Pro pōs'ing, *intending.* 12. Crĭt'ic al, *attended with risk.* 14. Sûrf, *the swell of the sea which breaks upon the shore.* 16. Dō'ry, *a small boat.* Craft, *vessel.* 17. Rĭd'dling, *making many holes in.*

LESSON 53.

A SAGACIOUS DONKEY.

By Mrs. **Lydia Maria Child**, born in Medford, Massachusetts, in 1802, and died in 1880. The most popular of her works are her *Letters from New York*, and her contributions to the *Juvenile Miscellany*, which she conducted eight years with marked ability. She was prominently identified with the Slavery agitation, and did much by her writings to arouse a generous sentiment on the subject.

1. When coerced and beaten, the poor, despised donkey is vicious, obstinate, and stupid; with the peasantry of Spain he is a petted favorite,—almost an inmate of the household.

2. The children bid him welcome home, and the wife feeds him from her own hands. He knows them all, and he loves them all, for he feels in his inmost heart that they love him.

3. He will follow his master, and come and go at his bidding, like a faithful dog; and he delights to take the baby on his back, and walk him round gently on the greensward.

4. His intellect expands, too, in the sunshine of affection, and he that is called the stupidest of animals becomes sagacious.

5. A Spanish peasant had for many years carried milk to Madrid to supply a set of customers. Every morning he and his donkey, with loaded panniers, trudged the well-known round.

6. At last the peasant became very ill, and had no one to send to market. His wife proposed to send the faithful old animal by himself.

7. The panniers were accordingly filled with canisters of milk; an inscription, written by the priest, requested customers to measure their own milk and return the vessels; and the donkey set off with his load. In due time he returned with empty canisters, and this he continued to do for several days.

8. The house-bells in Madrid are usually so constructed that you pull downward to make them ring. The peasant afterwards learned that the sagacious animal stopped before the door of every customer; and, after waiting what he deemed a sufficient time, pulled the bell-cord with his mouth.

9. If affectionate treatment will thus idealize the donkey, what may it not do? Assuredly there is no limit to its power. It can banish crime, and make the earth an Eden.

Definitions.—1. Co ẽrçed′, *restrained by force.* Vī′cioŭs, *unruly.* Ŏb′sti nate, *stubborn.* Ĭn′māte, *one that dwells in the same house.* 4. Ĭn′tel lĕct, *power to understand.* Sa gā′cioŭs, *shrewd, wise.* 5. Păn′niers, *baskets.* Trŭdged, *walked slowly.* 7. Căn′is ters, *small cans.* In scrĭp′tion, *something written.* 8. Con strŭct′ed, *made.* 9. I dē′al īze, *give an ideal value to.*

Language Exercise.—Let the children write sentences telling HOW an act is performed; as, *The girl sings sweetly. The boy reads in a loud tone.* Write sentences with words telling WHERE an act is performed or where an object is; as, *He works in Columbus. The book is on the table.* Use in one sentence words which answer both questions asked by *how* and *where*. Let the children also write sentences answering questions asked by WHEN? HOW LONG? Years, seasons, months, days of the week, hours of the day, may be used with good results in composition. Let the childrens' attention be called to sentences in the reading lessons which express manner, place, and time, and lead them to observe the position of such words, phrases, or clauses.

LESSON 54.

ENCHANTMENT.

1. THE sails we see on the ocean
   Are as white as white can be,
   But never one in the harbor
   As white as the sails at sea.

2. And the clouds that crown the mountain
   With purple and gold delight,
   Turn to cold, gray mist and vapor
   Ere ever we reach the height.

3. The mountains wear crowns of glory
   Only when seen from afar,
   And the sails lose all their whiteness
   Inside of the harbor-bar.

4. Stately and fair is the vessel
   That comes not near our beach;
   Stately and grand the mountain
   Whose height we never may reach.

5. O distance, thou dear enchanter!
   Still hold in thy magic veil
   The glory of far-off mountains,
   The gleam of the far-off sail.

Definitions.—2. Crown, *to adorn.* 3. Glō'ry, *splendor.* 4. Stāte'ly, *grand.* 5. En chant'er, *one who enchants or delights others.*

LESSON 55.

BURNING OF A SHIP AT SEA.

By **Sir Stamford Raffles**, who was born at sea near the island of Jamaica in 1782. He held several appointments in the East Indies, and wrote a history of Java. His loss at the burning of the ship described in this selection, was estimated at £100,000. He died in. 1826.

1. We embarked on the second of February, 1824, in the Fame, and sailed at daylight for England, with a fair wind and every prospect of a quick and comfortable passage. The ship was every thing we could wish; and having closed my charge at Bencoolen much to my satisfaction, it was one of the happiest days of my life.

2. We were perhaps too happy, for in the evening came a sad reverse. Lady Raffles had just gone to bed, and I had thrown off half my clothes, when a cry of "Fire! fire!" roused us from our calm content, and in five minutes the whole ship was in flames. I found that the fire had its origin immediately under our cabin.

3. "Down with the boats." "Lower Lady Raffles." "Give her to me," says one. "I'll take her," says the captain. "Throw the gunpowder overboard." "It can not be got at; it is in the magazine close to the fire." "Push off, push off; stand clear of the after part of the ship."

4. All this passed much quicker than I can write it. We pushed off, and as we did so the flames burst out of the cabin window, and the whole of the after part

of the ship was in flames. We hailed the boat which pushed off from the other side. "Have you all on board?" "Yes, all, save one." "Who is he?" "Johnson, sick in his cot." "Can we save him?" "No, impossible."

5. At this moment the poor fellow, scorched, I imagine, by the flames, roared out most lustily, having run upon deck. The captain pulled under the bowsprit of the burning ship, and picked the poor fellow up.

6. The alarm was given at about twenty minutes past eight; there was not a soul on board at half-past eight; and in ten minutes after, she was one grand mass of fire, the masts and sails in a blaze, and rocking to and fro, threatening to fall in an instant. "There goes her mizzen mast! pull away, my boys. There goes the gunpowder! Thank God! thank God!"

7. To make the best of our misfortune, we availed ourselves of the light from the ship to steer our course to the shore. She continued to burn till midnight, when the saltpeter which she had on board took fire, and sent up a brilliant and splendid flame, illuminating the horizon for fifty miles round, and casting that kind of blue light over us which is of all others most horrible.

8. At about eight or nine o'clock in the morning we had the good fortune to spy a ship standing out to us from the roads. Here certainly came a minister of Providence in the character of a minister of the gospel, for the first person I recognized was one of our own missionaries.

9. When we landed, and drove back to our former home, no words can do justice to the feeling, sympathy, and kindness with which we were hailed; there was not a dry eye around us, and loud was the cry of "God be praised!"

Definitions.—2. Re vĕrse′, *complete change.* Ôr′i ġĭn, *beginning.* 3. Măġ a zĭne, *a place in a ship for storing powder, shot, and shell.* 5. Lŭs′ti ly, *in a vigorous manner.* Bow′sprĭt, *a long piece of timber that projects from the bow of a vessel.* 6. Mĭz′zen màst, *the hindmost mast.* 7. Il lū′mi nāt ing, *lighting up.* Ho rī′zon, *the place where the earth and the sky seem to meet.* 8. Rōads, *places where ships anchor at some distance from the shore.* Mĭs′sion a ries, *persons sent out to preach the gospel.*

Questions.—Tell how the passengers and crew were rescued from the burning ship. Why were they in little danger of being drowned? Why is it possible for a fire to spread so rapidly in a ship as described in the text?

LESSON 56.

A MASQUERADE.

1. A LITTLE old woman before me
   Went slowly down the street;
   Walking as if aweary
   Were her feeble, tottering feet.

2. From under her old poke bonnet
   I caught a gleam of snow,
   And her waving cap-string floated
   Like a pennon, to and fro.

3. In the folds of her rusty mantle
Sudden her footstep caught,
And I sprang to keep her from falling,
With a touch as quick as thought.

4. When under the old poke bonnet
I saw a winsome face;
Framed in with the flaxen ringlets
Of my wee daughter Grace.

5. Mantle and cap together
Dropped at my very feet;
And there stood the little fairy,
Beautiful, blushing, sweet!

6. Will it be like this, I wonder,
When at last we come to stand
On the golden, ringing pavement
Of the blessed, blessed land?

7. Losing the rusty garments
We wore in the years of Time,
Will our better selves spring backward,
Serene in a life sublime?

8. Instead of the shapes that hid us,
And made us old and gray,
Shall we get our child-hearts back again,
With a brightness that will stay?

9. I thought—but my little daughter
Slipped her dimpled hand in mine;
"I was only playing," she whispered,
"That I was ninety-nine."

Definitions.—Mās quer ādē′, *a false show, a disguise.* 2. Pōke, *a bonnet of a long, straight shape.* Pĕn′non, *a small flag.* 3. Rŭst′y, *impaired by use.* 4. Wĭn′sŏme, *cheerful.* Wēe, *little.* 7. Sub līme′, *exalted high.* 9. Dĭm′pled, *marked with dimples.*

LESSON 57.

THE ORANG.

Francis Trevelyan Buckland was born in Oxford, England, in 1826, and died in 1880. He served in the British army for nine years, but resigned in 1863, and devoted the remainder of his life to literary and scientific pursuits. He was an enthusiastic naturalist, and wrote *Curiosities of Natural History*, besides other valuable and interesting works.

1. THERE is now (1880) in London one of the largest orangs that has ever been brought to this country. Young orangs are by no means uncommon, but they are excessively delicate and difficult to rear. They have somewhat the physiognomy of an Eastern prince who has nothing in particular to do, yet is fond of being amused by other people.

2. The present orang, however, is an adult, or nearly an adult, has all his wits about him, and is terribly fierce. His physiognomy differs as much from that of the infant members of his family, as does the expression of a child a year or two old from that of an adult man in full mental and bodily vigor.

3. He is covered with hair of a reddish color, and is a little bald on the top of his head. There is just space enough between two of the bars of his cage for him to put out his hand and arm,—and he is continually stretching out his long, hairy arm to clutch any thing or anybody with his hand, which, though a veritable hand, is more like a foot.

4. The fingers are small and tapering, very strong, and about five inches long. Both his foot and hand are admirably adapted for living in trees, the latter forming a natural grapnel, by means of which he can swing himself from branch to branch, while the great toe of his foot acts as does the thumb in our own hand.

5. When attempting to walk, he uses his long arms to support himself, just as a cripple works his crutches. At home, in his tropical forest, he could doubtless spin along the tree-tops at a very swift pace. The hair about his head is so arranged that he appears to wear whiskers.

6. He has, moreover, a reddish beard, and under this beard is a very remarkable pouch, which is capable of dilatation with air, and is, in all probability, directly connected with the organs of voice. It is not necessary to go to his native woods to hear him sing, as, when in a temper, his oratorical remarks are couched in language which no one can fail to understand.

7. The orang is very intolerant of cold; yet his native forests are, when the sun goes down and the fog rises, very cold. Under these circumstances, the orang creeps in among the parasitic orchids, and,

making a sort of nest, covers himself all over. This habit the animal at Westminster retains; it will be seen that he is very fond of his blanket, and frequently wraps himself up altogether, leaving just a peep-hole, through which he inspects his visitors. His eyes are very close together, but very bright, watchful, and observant; he is also very quick of hearing.

8. Whenever a man can, he stands upright; the orang, on the contrary, goes on all fours whenever he possibly can. His hand is a grapnel. We men have the power of placing the thumb so as to meet the tip of any finger on the same hand; hence the principal superiority of man over all other animals, inasmuch as by means of the thumb he can make himself clothes, procure food, forge weapons, etc.

9. The thumb of the orang, on the contrary, is on his foot, which is admirably contrived for living in trees. When sitting on a flat surface, he tucks his legs under him, but when sitting on a branch of a tree he holds on by means of the thumb, or great toe, of his foot.

10. As regards his brain power, much is yet to be learned; for, though similar, the brain of this big monkey is far below the standard of intelligence of even the lowest of the human race. Let us instance one point. No monkey of any species, where the experiment has been tried, would ever put a stick or coal on an expiring fire; he would sit and shiver by the fire till it went out. His mind is not sufficiently acute to see the connection between cause and effect, so as to put coal on to keep the fire going.

11. There is another thing showing the great difference between a man and a tailless ape, such as the orang. If an object is given to a monkey, he immediately smells at it, even if that object is not for food. Human beings do not do this: they trust to the eyes and the teeth.

12. Again, the teeth of apes are weapons of offense and defense, while we use our teeth instinctively for much more peaceful purposes. When big baboons are introduced to each other for the first time, they generally pretend to yawn. This is really to show each other their long, saber-like teeth, and to say, "Look out; I have as sharp teeth as you."

13. There are so many gentlemen who have leisure and means, that we beg to suggest that those who have the opportunity should make it their pleasure and business to visit some of these orangs in their tropical forests. Let them, for once, leave the gun and the rifle at home, and take only the telescope and field-glass, the sketch-book and pencil.

14. Naturalists and anatomists know quite enough of the structure, as compared with man, of the orang, gorilla, and chimpanzee. There are skeletons and skins in abundance of all these in England, but nobody can tell the social manners and customs of an animal from his skeleton and the structure of his muscles. What is wanted now to fill up this vacant gap is an account of the home life of these great apes. This is not to be obtained by shooting them, but by meeting them, as it were, in a friendly manner.

15. Much has lately been said of the relationship of man with monkeys. In purely physical structure,

the architecture of the monkey is not unlike that of the human being. When, however, the very lowest of the human race is placed alive, and in good health, alongside the very highest of the monkey family, it will be immediately perceived that there is a vast gulf between the two.

Definitions.—1. Phy̆s i ŏg'no my, *expression of countenance.* 2. A dŭlt', *one full grown.* 3. Vĕr'i ta ble, *real.* 4. Grăp'nel, *an instrument made to grapple or hold.* 6. Pouch, *small bag.* Dĭl a tā'tion, *ability to be made larger.* Or a tŏr'ie al, *pertaining to a public speaker.* Couched, *expressed.* 7. In tŏl'er ant, *not able to endure.* Păr a sĭt'ie, *growing on or living on others.* Ôr'chid, *a species of plant.* 12. In stĭnct'ive ly, *without reasoning.* Sā'ber, *a sword with a broad, heavy blade.* 14. Năt'ū ral ists, *those who study natural history.*

Questions.—Tell in your own words what the author has said about the personal appearance of the orang. What is the use of the pouch mentioned in paragraph six? To what organ does man owe his superiority to other animals? Why is the study of these animals valuable?

LESSON 58.

GEORGE NIDIVER.

1. Men have done brave deeds,
   And bards have sung them well:
   I of good George Nĭd'i ver
   Now the tale will tell.

2. In Californian mountains
   A hunter bold was he:
   Keen his eye and sure his aim
   As any you should see.

3. A little Indian boy
Followed him every-where,
Eager to share the hunter's joy,
The hunter's meal to share.

4. And when the bird or deer
Fell by the hunter's skill,
The boy was always near
To help with right good-will.

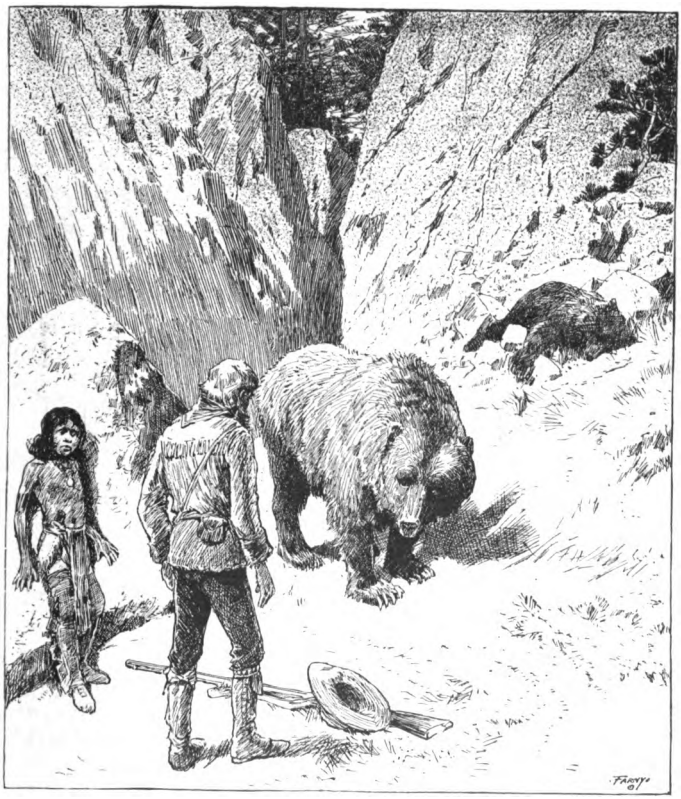
5. One day, as through the cleft,
Between two mountains steep,
Shut in both right and left,
Their questing way they keep.

6. They see two grizzly bears,
With hunger fierce and fell,
Rush at them unawares
Right down the narrow dell.

7. The boy turned round with screams,
And ran with terror wild:
One of the pair of savage beasts
Pursued the shrieking child.

8. The hunter raised his gun,—
He knew one charge was all,—
And through the boy's pursuing foe
He sent his only ball.

9. The other on George Nidiver
Came on with dreadful pace:
The hunter stood unarmed,
And met him face to face.



10. I say unarmed he stood:
Against those frightful paws
The rifle butt, or club of wood,
Could stand no more than straws.

11. George Nidiver stood still,
And looked him in the face:
The wild beast stopped amazed,
Then came with slackening pace.

12. Still firm the hunter stood,
Although his heart beat high:
Again the creature stopped,
And gazed with wondering eye.

13. The hunter met his gaze,
Nor yet an inch gave way;
The bear turned slowly round,
And slowly moved away.

14. What thoughts were in his mind
It would be hard to spell:
What thoughts were in George Nidiver
I rather guess than tell.

15. But sure that rifle's aim,
Swift choice of generous part,
Showed in its passing gleam
The depths of a brave heart.

Definitions.—1. Bärd, *a poet and a singer.* 5. Clĕft, *space or opening.* Quĕst'ing, *searching.* 6. Fĕll, *savage.* Un a wâreş', *unexpectedly.* 9. Pāçe, *manner of walking or running.* 11. Slăck'en ing, *growing slower and slower.* 14. Spĕll, *to relate.*

Language Exercise.—Let the children make lists of words which show relation. The teacher may give lessons similar to the following: The book is *on* the table. The lamp hangs *over* the table. The girl sits *at, by, near to, far from,* the table, etc. Let the position of the phrases in the sentences be closely observed. Give exercises which will make the children familiar with the meaning and use of prepositions. The correct use of *by, with, of, about, around,* etc., should be observed and illustrated in many exercises. The use and meaning of prepositions as prefixes should receive attention.

LESSON 59.—PART 1.

THE BLACK HORSE'S STORY.

1. ONE night I was suddenly awakened by the stable bell ringing loudly. I heard the door of John's house open, and soon after he unlocked the stable door and came in, calling out: "Wake up, Beauty, you must go well now, if you ever did;" and almost before I could think, he had got the saddle on my back and the bridle on my head.

2. He just ran round for his coat, and then took me at a quick trot up to the Hall door. The Squire stood there with a lamp in his hand. "Now, John," he said, "ride for your life, that is, for your mistress's life; there is not a moment to lose; give this note to Doctor White; give your horse a rest at the inn, and be back as soon as you can."

3. John said "Yes, sir," and was on my back in a minute. Away we went through the park, and through the village, and down the hill till we came to the toll-gate. John called to the gate-keeper, and thumped upon the door; the man soon flung open the gate. "Now," said John, "do you keep the gate open for the doctor; here 's the money," and off we went again.

4. There was before us a long piece of level road by the river side; John said to me, "Now, Beauty, do your best," and so I did; I wanted no whip nor spur, and for two miles I galloped as fast as I could lay my feet to the ground.

5. When we came to the bridge, John pulled me up a little and patted my neck. "Well done, Beauty! good old fellow," he said. He would have let me go slower, but my spirit was up, and I was off again as fast as before.

6. The air was frosty, the moon was bright; we came through a village, then through a dark wood, then up hill, then down hill, till after an eight-miles' run we came to the town. The church clock struck three as we drew up at Doctor White's door. John rang the bell twice, and then knocked at the door. A window was thrown up, and the doctor put out his head and said, "What do you want?"

7. "Mrs. Gordon is very ill, sir; master wants you to come at once; he thinks she will die if you don't get there—here is a note." "Wait," he said, "I will come."

8. He shut the window, and was soon at the door. "The worst of it is," he said, "my horse has been out all day and is quite tired; my son has just been sent for, and he has taken the other. What is to be done? Can I have your horse?"

9. "He has come at a gallop nearly all the way, sir, and I was to give him a rest here; but I think my master would not be against it if you think fit, sir." "All right; I will soon be ready." John stood by me and stroked my neck; I was very hot. The doctor came out with his riding whip.

10. "You need not take that, sir," said John. "Black Beauty will go till he drops; take care of him, sir, if you can; I should not like any harm to come to him." "No! no! John," said the doctor,

"I hope not," and in a minute we had left John far behind.

11. I will not tell about our way back. I did my very best. When we came to the hill, the doctor drew me up. "Now, my good fellow," he said, "take some breath." I was glad to do this, for I was nearly spent; but that breathing helped me out, and we were soon in the park.

12. Joe was at the lodge gate, and my master was at the Hall door, for he had heard us coming. He spoke not a word; the doctor went into the house with him, and Joe led me to the stable.

13. I was glad to get home, and I could only stand and pant. I had not a dry hair on my body, and I steamed all over, Joe used to say, like a pot on the fire. Poor Joe! he was young, and as yet knew very little, but I am sure he did as well as most boys would have done.

14. He rubbed my legs and my chest, but he did not put my warm cloth on me; he thought I was so hot I should not like it. Then he gave me a pail full of water to drink, and I drank it all; and then, having given me some hay and some corn, he went away.

15. Soon I began to shake and tremble with cold, and I felt sore all over. Oh, how I wished for my warm, thick cloth, as I stood and trembled. I wished for John, but he had eight miles to walk; so I lay down on my straw and tried to go to sleep.

16. After a long while I heard John at the door; I gave a low moan, for I was in great pain. He was at my side in a moment; I could not tell him how I felt, but he seemed to know all about it. He covered

me up with warm cloths, made me some warm gruel, which I drank, and then I think I went to sleep.

17. John seemed to be very much put out. I heard him say to himself, over and over again, "Stupid boy! stupid boy! no cloth put on, and I dare say the water was cold, too"; but Joe was a good boy, after all.

18. I was now very ill; a strong inflammation had attacked my lungs, and I could not draw my breath without pain. John nursed me night and day, and my master, too, often came to see me. "My poor Beauty," he said one day, "my good horse, you saved your mistress's life! yes, you saved her life." I was glad to hear that, for it seems that the doctor had said if we had been a little longer it would have been too late.

19. John told my master he never saw a horse go so fast in his life; it seemed as if the horse knew what was the matter. Of course I did, though John thought not; at least, I knew that John and I must go at the top of my speed, and that it was for the sake of the mistress.

PART 2.

1. I DO not know how long I was ill. The fever made me very quick of hearing; any little noise seemed quite loud, and I could tell every one's footsteps going to and from the house. I knew all that was going on.

2. One night John had to give me a draught; Tom Green came in to help him. After I had taken it,

and John had made me as comfortable as he could, they sat down on a bench, and put the lantern at their feet, that I might not be disturbed by the light.

3. For a while both men sat silent; then Tom said in a low tone, "I wish, John, you'd say a kind word to Joe; the boy is quite broken-hearted. He says he knows it was all his fault, though he is sure he did the best he knew, and he says that if Beauty dies no one will ever speak to him again. I think you might give him just a word; he is not a bad boy."

4. After a short pause, John said slowly, "You must not be too hard upon me, Tom. I know he meant no harm—I never said he did—I know he is not a bad boy; but you see I am sore myself.

5. "That horse is the pride of my heart, to say nothing of his being such a favorite with the master and mistress; and to think that his life may be flung away in this manner is more than I can bear. But if you think I am hard on the boy, I will try to give him a good word to-morrow—that is, I mean if Beauty is better."

6. "Well, John, thank you; I knew you did not wish to be too hard, and I am glad that you see it was only ignorance."

7. John's voice almost startled me as he answered, "*Only* ignorance! only *ignorance!* How can you talk about *only* ignorance? Don't you know that it is the worst thing in the world, next to wickedness?—and which does the most mischief heaven only knows.

8. "When people say, 'Oh! I did not know, I did not mean any harm,' they think it is all right. I suppose Martha Mulwash did not mean to kill that

baby when she dosed it with soothing-sirups; but she did kill it, and was tried for manslaughter."

9. "And served her right, too," said Tom. "A woman should not undertake to nurse a little child without knowing what is good and what is bad for it."

10. "Bill Starkey," continued John, "did not mean to frighten his brother into fits when he dressed up like a ghost and ran after him in the moonlight; but he did—and that bright, handsome little fellow is now no better than an idiot, and never will be if he lives to be eighty years old.

11. "You were a good deal cut up yourself, Tom, two weeks ago, when those young ladies left your hot-house door open, with a frosty east wind blowing; you said it killed a good many of your plants."

12. "A good many!" said Tom; "there was not one of the tender cuttings that was not nipped off. I was nearly mad when I saw what was done." "And yet," said John, "I am sure the young ladies did not mean it; it was only ignorance!"

13. I heard no more of this conversation, for the medicine sent me to sleep. In the morning I felt much better. How often have I thought of John's words since I came to know more of the world.

Definitions.—Part I: 3. Thŭmped, *pounded.* 11. Spĕnt, *exhausted.* 12. Lŏdge, *house of the gate-keeper.* 13. Pânt, *breathe quickly.* 16. Grų'el, *light food, made by boiling meal in water.* 18. In flam mā'tion, *a redness and swelling of any part of the body, attended by heat.*

Part II: 4. Sōre, *grieved.* 8. Sīr'ups, *sweetened liquids.* Măn'slaugh ter, *unlawful killing without malice.*

LESSON 60.

THE AWAKENING YEAR.

By **Thomas Buchanan Read**, an American artist and poet, born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, in 1822, and died in 1872. He attained eminence in both of his callings, although his poetry will outlast his reputation as a painter. *The Wagoner of the Alleghanies* is the best known of his longer poems; many others are models of gracefulness in style.

1. THE bluebirds and the violets
   Are with us once again,
   And promises of summer spot
   The hillside and the plain.

2. The clouds around the mountain tops
   Are riding on the breeze,
   Their trailing azure trains of mist
   Are tangled in the trees.

3. The snow-drifts, which have lain so long,
   Haunting the hidden nooks,
   Like guilty ghosts have slipped away
   Unseen, into the brooks.

4. The streams are fed with generous rains,
   They drink the wayside springs,
   And flutter down from crag to crag,
   Upon their foamy wings.

5. Through all the long, wet nights they brawl,
   By mountain homes remote,
   Till woodmen in their sleep behold
   Their ample rafts afloat.

6. The lazy wheel that hung so dry
Above the idle stream,
Whirls wildly in the misty dark,
And through the miller's dream.

7. Loud torrent unto torrent calls,
Till at the mountain's feet,
Flashing afar their spectral light,
The noisy waters meet.

8. They meet, and through the lowlands sweep
Toward briny bay and lake,
Proclaiming to the distant towns,
"The country is awake."

Definitions.—2. Trāil'ing, *drawn along.* Trāin, *that which is drawn along.* 7. Tŏr'rent, *a very rapid stream.* Spĕc'tral, *ghostly.*

LESSON 61.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

1. ABOUT three years ago I was second engineer on a steamer bound from Liverpool to New York. A large amount of extra cargo had been sent down at the last minute, and it took us a long time to stow it away. We were late in starting, and of course neither the captain nor the mate was in the sweetest temper for some days.

2. On the morning of the third day out, the chief engineer came to me and said, in an excited manner,

"Tom, we've found a stowaway." "Indeed," said I, "who is he, and where did you find him?" "Well, we found him among the casks forward. We should n't have found him at all, if it had n't been for the skipper's dog; he kept smelling around there and barking. Poor little beggar, how I pity him!"

3. I did n't wait to hear any more, but hurried up on deck. Every one of the crew and what passengers we had were in a ring on the forecastle, and in the ring were the first mate, looking very angry, and a little bit of a lad, not ten years old, ragged as a scarecrow, but with bright, curly hair, and a pretty face, though wofully thin and pale.

4. To see the way the little fellow held up his head and looked about him would almost make one think he owned the ship. The mate was a great, black-bearded fellow, with a stern look and a harsh, loud voice; but the boy stood straight up and looked at him with those clear eyes of his, as if he were Prince Alfred himself. You might have heard a pin drop as the mate said, in his harshest voice, "Well, you little rogue, what has brought you here?"

5. "My stepfather brought me here," said the boy in a weak voice, but as steady as could be. "Father is dead, and mother is married again, and my new father says he won't have me round eating up his wages.

6. "So he stowed me away when no one was watching, and gave me enough bread to last till I got to sea. He said I was to go to Aunt Jane at Halifax; and here's her address." With that he handed the mate a scrap of paper with the address on it.

7. We all believed every word he said, even without the paper; for his look and the way he spoke showed that he was telling the truth. But the mate shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say, "I'm too old a bird to be caught with that kind of chaff," and then said to him, "Look here, my lad, that is all very fine, but it won't do here—some of these men are in the secret. Now, point out the man that stowed you away and fed you; if you don't, it will be the worse for you."

8. The boy looked up in his bright, fearless way, and said, quietly, "I've told you the truth; I have no more to say." The mate looked at him a moment, and then faced round to the men, angrier than ever. "Reeve a rope to the yard!" said he, in his loudest and harshest tones; "and be smart about it, now!"

9. The men looked at each other, as much as to say, "What is he going to do?" But sailors know that they must obey orders without asking questions, so the rope was rove in a jiffy.

10. "Now, my lad," said the mate, "You see that rope. Well, I'll give you ten minutes. If you don't tell the truth before the time is up, I'll hang you like a dog."

11. The crew all stared at one another, and then I heard a low growling among them, like that of a wild beast rousing up from a nap.

12. "Silence there!" shouted the mate in a voice like the roaring of a north-easter. "Stand by to run forward!" and he held the noose ready to put it round the boy's neck.

13. The little fellow never flinched, but some of the sailors shook like leaves in the wind. I thought of my little curly-headed boy at home, and I tingled all over. I caught hold of a handspike and held it behind my back, ready for I scarcely knew what.

14. "Tom," whispered the chief engineer to me, "do you think he really means to do it?" "I don't know," said I, through my teeth, "but if he lays a hand on that boy he goes overboard, if I swing for it!"

15. I've been in some ugly scrapes in my time, but I never felt half so bad as I did then. The tick of the mate's watch pricked my ears like a pin. The men were very quiet, but there was an ugly look on some of their faces, and three or four of them kept edging toward the mate in a way that meant mischief.

16. "Eight minutes!" said the mate, his deep voice breaking in upon the silence like the tone of a funeral bell. "If you have any confession to make, out with it, my lad, for your time is nearly up."

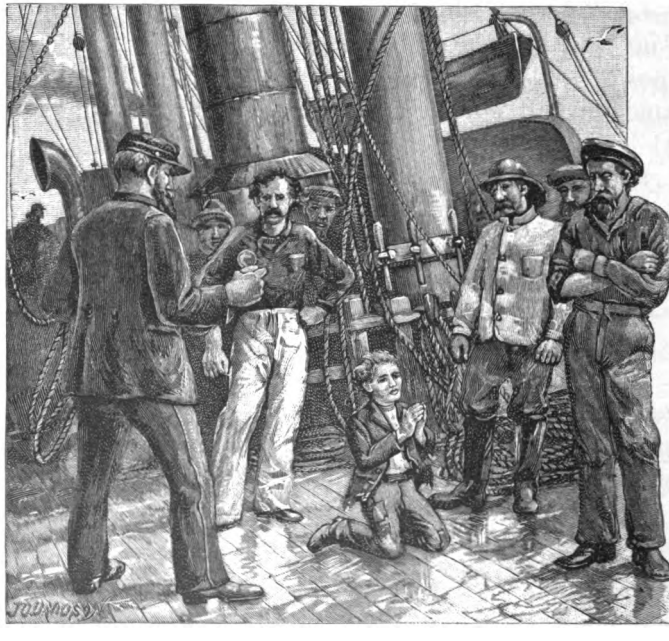
17. "I've told you the truth," answered the boy, very pale, but as firm as ever. "May I say my prayers, please?"

18. The mate nodded, and the boy kneeled and held up his little hands. I couldn't make out what he said, but God heard that prayer, every word of it. Then he rose to his feet, put his hands behind him, and said to the mate quite gently, "I'm ready."

19. And then, sir, the mate's hard, grim face broke up all at once as I've seen the ice in the Baltic. He snatched up the boy in his arms, kissed him, and burst out crying like a child. I don't think there was

one of us that did n't do the same. I know I did for one.

20. "God bless you, my boy," said he, smoothing the lad's hair with his great hard hand. "You are a



true Englishman, every inch of you. You would n't tell a lie to save your life, and I 'll be your friend and protector from this day forth. If I ever forget you, then may God forget me."

21. And he kept his word, too. When we got to Halifax, he found the little stowaway's aunt, and gave her money to make him comfortable. He goes to see

him every voyage, and says he is ás proud of him as any man can bè of his own child.

Definitions.—1. En ġi nēer′, *one who manages an engine.* 2. Ex çīt′ed, *provoked.* Stōw′a wāy, *one who conceals himself on board a vessel to obtain a free passage.* 3. Fōre′cās tle, *the forward part of a vessel under the deck.* Wō′fụl ly, *extremely.* 8. Rēeve, *pass the end of a rope through a hole.* Yärd, *a long piece of timber suspended on a mast.* 9. Jĭf′fy, *moment.* 13. Hănd′spīke, *a bar used with the hand as a lever.*

Questions.—Why did the mate threaten to kill the stowaway? How were the people convinced of his innocence? What was the boy's request? Why did the sailor try him? and what was his reward?

LESSON 62.

BESSIE AND HER MOTHER.

By Mrs. **Sarah Payson Willis Parton** ("Fanny Fern"), born in Portland, Maine, in 1811. She was a sister of N. P. Willis, the poet. Her works, among which are *Fern Leaves*, *The Playday Book*, and *Fresh Leaves*, are written in a lively, attractive style, and are very popular in our own country and in England. She died in 1872.

1. Bessie was very fond of reading. "Well," I think I hear some one say, "you are not going to find fault with that." Oh, but I am, though—because there is a time for every thing.

2. Bessie did not believe this. She thought that time was never made to sew; she thought that time was never made to dust, to sweep, to keep herself tidy, or to do any thing, in fact, but read, read, read, from Monday till Saturday.

3. She would sit with her story-book in her hand, the first thing after breakfast, the sun shining through the closed window upon dresses, shoes, and stockings which needed putting away, and upon an unmade bed. What do you think of that?

4. Then her mother would call her, and she would answer "Yes," without stirring or raising her eyes from the story-book; then her mother would call her again, louder than before, and she would move slowly across the room, still reading, to see what was wanted.

5. Then her mother would tell her to go into the kitchen and tell the cook to make apple-dumplings for dinner. Bessie, with her mind only on the book, would heedlessly tell her *not* to make apple-dumplings for dinner.

6. When her mother would ask, "Have you mended all your clothes this week?" Bessie would say "Yes, mother," not knowing what question she was answering—for she had not done any mending for some days.

7. Was it right in Bessie to do so? Was it wrong in her mother, who knew how necessary it is for girls to be tidy, and orderly, and neat, to tell Bessie she must read only so much a day, and that after she had attended to every thing she was in the habit of neglecting?

8. Was it wrong for Bessie's mother to insist on her going into the kitchen sometimes to learn how to clean silver and how to cook? Was it wrong for Bessie's mother to make her daughter keep her thimble and scissors in her work-basket instead of on the

piazza floor, and her shawl in the drawer instead of under the bed?

9. It would have been much less trouble to Bessie's mother had she allowed her to take her own way about these things, instead of running upstairs and down-stairs to see what she was about, and how things looked in her room; but she knew that a woman is not worthy of the name of woman if she can not take proper care of her house.

10. She loved her daughter better than her own ease, and knew that it was cruel kindness to heed her tears. It is quite as necessary for a woman to know how to make wholesome bread and puddings as it is to read and study, and be able to talk about books.

11. When Bessie grew up and had a nice house of her own, she knew how to mend her husband's clothes, and get him a good dinner, as well as she did how to talk to him about things in which he was interested.

12. And when, looking around his comfortable home, he said, "Bessie, you are my treasure," Bessie would point to the little graveyard within sight of her window, and as her tears fell fast would say, "Oh, if I could but thank my mother now for all she did for me when I was naughty and wayward."

13. Think of this, dear children, when your mother calls you to do some necessary work, and you pout because you must lay down an interesting story-book; and don't wait till the tombstone marks her grave before you believe that she knows better than you what is best for you.

LESSON 63.

JUBILATE.

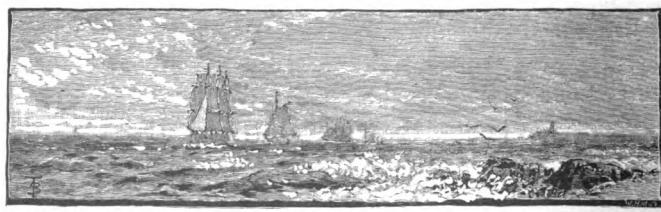
George Arnold was born in New York City in 1834. He was destined for an artist, but soon adopted literature as a profession, which he followed with success. *The Jolly Old Pedagogue* is his best known poem. He died in 1865.

1. GRAY distance hid each shining sail,
   By ruthless breezes borne from me;
   And lessening, fading, faint, and pale,
   My ships went forth to sea.

2. Where misty breakers rose and fell
   I stood and sorrowed hopelessly;
   For every wave had tales to tell
   Of wrecks far out at sea.

3. To-day a song is on my lips;
   Earth seems a paradise to me;
   For God is good, and, lo, my ships
   Are coming home from sea.

Definitions.—Jū bi lā′te, *a song of joy.* 1. Ruth′less, *cruel, pitiless.* 3. Păr′a dīse, *a place of delight.*



LESSON 64.

A STORY WITHOUT AN END.

1. THERE was a certain king, who, like many other kings, was very fond of hearing stories told. To this amusement he gave up all his time, yet he was never satisfied. All the exertions of all his courtiers were in vain. The more he heard, the more he wanted to hear.

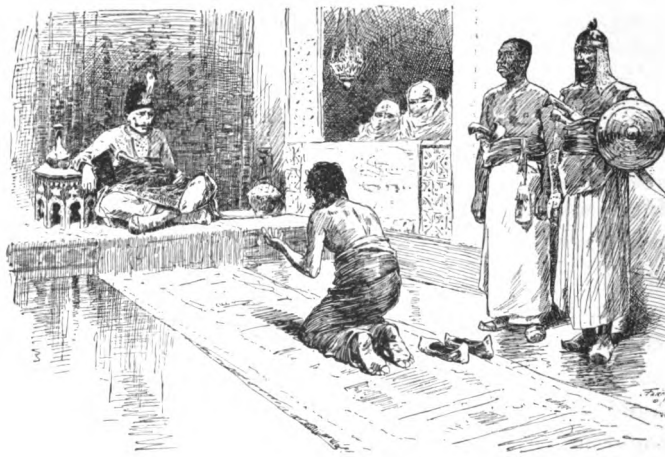
2. At last he made a proclamation that if any man would tell him a story that should last forever, he would make him his heir and give him his daughter in marriage; but if any one should pretend that he had such a story, but should fail—that is, if the story did come to an end—he was to have his head cut off.

3. For such a rich prize as a beautiful princess and a kingdom, many candidates appeared; and very long stories some of them told. Some lasted a week, some a month, some six months.

4. Poor fellows! they all spun them out as long as they could, you may be sure; but all in vain; sooner or later they all came to an end, and, one after another, the unlucky story-tellers were beheaded.

5. At last a man came that said he had a story which would last forever. He was warned of his danger. They told him how many others had tried, and lost their heads; but he said he was not afraid—and so he was brought before the king.

6. He was a man of a very composed and deliberate manner of speaking; and, after making all requisite



stipulations for time for his eating, drinking, and sleeping, he thus began his story:

7. "O king! there was once a king who was a great tyrant; and, desiring to increase his riches, he seized upon all the corn and grain in his kingdom and put it into an immense granary nearly as high as a mountain. This he did for several years, till the granary was quite full to the top. He then stopped up all the doors and windows, and closed it fast on all sides.

8. "But the bricklayers had, by accident, left a very small hole near the top of the granary. And there came a flight of locusts, and tried to get at the corn; but the hole was so small that only one locust could pass through at a time.

9. "So one locust went in and carried off one grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried

off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn—"

10. He had gone on thus from morning to night (except while he was engaged at his meals) for about a month; when the king, though a very patient king, began to be rather tired of the locusts, and interrupted his story with, "Well, well, we have had enough of the locusts; we will suppose that they have helped themselves to all of the corn they wanted; tell us what happened afterwards."

11. To this the story-teller answered, very deliberately, "If it pleases your majesty, it is impossible to tell you what happened afterwards before I have told you what happened first." And so he went on again: "And then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn."

12. The king listened with admirable patience for six months more, when he again interrupted him with, "O friend! I am weary of your locusts. How soon do you think they will have done?"

13. To this the story-teller replied, "O king, how can I tell? At the time to which my story has come, the locusts have cleared away a small space, it may be a cubit, each way round the inside of the hole; and the air is still dark with locusts on all sides; but let the king have patience, and, no doubt, we shall come to the end of them in time."

14. Thus encouraged, the king listened on for another half year, the story-teller still going on as before: "And then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn," till at last the poor king could bear it no longer, and cried out, "O man, that is enough! Take my daughter! take my kingdom! take any thing—take every thing! only let us hear no more of these abominable locusts!"

15. So the story-teller was married to the king's daughter, and was declared heir to the throne; and nobody ever expressed a wish to hear the rest of his story, for he said it was impossible to come to the other part till he had done with the locusts. The unreasonable caprice of the foolish king was thus overmatched by the ingenious device of the wise man.

Definitions.—1. Cōurt'iers, *those who attend the courts of princes.* 2. Prŏc la mā'tion, *general notice.* 3. Căn'di dates, *those who seek some office or privilege.* 6. De lĭb'er ate, *slow.* Rĕq'ui site, *necessary.* Stĭp ū lā'tions, *agreements.* 13. Cū'bit, *distance from the elbow to the end of the middle finger.* 15. Ca prĭçe', *whim or fancy.* In ġēn'i oŭs, *witty, well adapted.*

Language Exercise.—Let the children write sentences like the following: *James lives in Cincinnati; James and his sister live in Cincinnati.* Call attention to the change in the second sentence of the word *lives* in the first. Give numerous exercises. Have the children use *and* and similar words; as, *also, but, further, for, because,* etc. Require them to write sentences, using the words *either, or, neither, nor, yet, only, still.* The children should be called to observe the use of these words in the reading lesson and to write lists of them.

LESSON 65.

STEEL PENS.

1. STEEL pens are made of the best kind of steel that can be obtained. The metal is first rolled, while red-hot, into plates about three feet long and four inches broad. These plates are made hot and slowly cooled, and all rust is removed from their surfaces.

2. The plates are then rolled into sheets as thin as a steel pen. These sheets are cut into pieces, and afterward punched out into flat pieces of the size and shape of a pen, care being taken that the length of the pen corresponds with the fibers of the metal.

3. The hole at the end of the nib, and the side-slits that give flexibility to the pen, are now made, being cut on a small press.

4. In its present state, the steel of which the pen is made is so soft that it may be bent between the fingers like lead; but it is not sufficiently soft for the process it has yet to undergo, and is again softened.

5. This is done by exposing the pens to heat and allowing them to cool slowly. When this has been done, the name or trade-mark of the manufacturer, or other impression, is stamped on the surface of the metal.

6. Up to this point the pen is perfectly flat; it is now made to assume its curved form. It is placed in a groove beneath a press, and a die descending on it bends the metal into the required shape.

7. The pens are hardened by exposing them to a white heat, and then suddenly throwing them into a

vessel of oil—any oil that may adhere to them being afterwards removed by shaking them in a hollow cylinder.

8. It is now necessary to temper the metal to the degree of elasticity required for writing. To do this, the pens are placed in a cylinder closed at one end, which revolves over a charcoal fire—the process being not unlike that by which coffee berriès are roasted.

9. The surface of the steel changes its color by being exposed to this heat. It becomes a gray, a straw color, a brown, and, as the process is continued, a deep blue.

10. The pens are then placed in a metal cylinder containing sand or the powder from broken crucibles. This cylinder is caused to revolve rapidly, and the surface of the metal soon becomes perfectly clear and bright.

11. After this the backs of the nibs are ground. This is done by applying them for an instant, one by one, to the surface of a revolving wheel. Then the slit between the nibs is cut by means of a small press.

12. The pen is now finished, and only requires to be colored brown or blue, by exposure to heat, until it assumes the tint required. It is then varnished by being dipped into shellac dissolved in spirits of wine or naphtha, and afterward dried.

Definitions.—2. Cŏr re spŏnd′, *fit, agree.* Fī′ber, *a thread-like substance.* 3. Flĕx i bĭl′i ty, *ability to be bent or flexed.* 6. As sūme′, *take.* Dīe, *a piece of metal used as a stamp.* 8. Tĕm′per, *bring to a proper degree of hardness or elasticity.* E las tĭç′i ty, *power of returning to the form from which it is bent.* 10. Cru′çi ble, *a vessel capable of enduring great heat.* 12. Shĕl′lăe, *a resinous substance melted and formed into thin plates.*

LESSON 66.

TUBAL CAIN.

1. OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and the spear.
And he sang: "Hurra for my handiwork!
Hurra for the spear and the sword!
Hurra for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord."

2. To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang: "Hurra for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurra for the smith, hurra for the fire,
And hurra for the metal true!"

3. But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun,

And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said: "Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

4. And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright, courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang: "Hurra for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,"—
And he fashioned the first plowshare.

5. And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands;
And sang: "Hurra for Tubal Cain!
Our stanch good friend is he;
And for the plowshare and the plow
To him our praise shall be.

But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plow,
We 'll not forget the sword!"

Definitions.—1. Fûr'nace, *a place where a hot fire is kept up for heating or melting metals.* Hănd'i work, *work done by the hands.* 2. Spoil, *that which is gained by strength or effort.* 3. Căr'nage, *slaughter, murder.* 4. Brōōd'ing, *thinking anxiously.* Smōld'ered, *burned and smoked without sufficient air.* Plow'-shâre, *the part of a plow that cuts the ground.* 5. Op prĕs'sion, *cruelty, severity.*

LESSON 67.

MY DOG AND MY SHADOW.

1. In a solitary excursion through the woods, Major Halden fell in with a man whose singular appearance attracted his attention. He was sitting on the ground at the foot of a tree, eating a crust of bread, which he shared with his dog. His dress betrayed the most abject poverty, but his countenance exhibited every symptom of cheerfulness. The Major saluted him, and the man pulled off his hat.

2. "Do you see?" said he to his dog, laughing. "What could the dog see?" asked the Major, whose curiosity was much excited by the man's happy looks. The stranger laughed. "Ay," said he in a humorous tone, "I wish to make the dog take notice of your civility; it is so uncommon for a well-dressed person on horseback to lift his hat or cap to a tattered foot-passenger like me."

3. "Who are you then?" asked the Major. "A child of fortune," said the man. "A child of fortune! You mistake; for your coat seems to say otherwise." "My coat is in the right, sir; but as I can joke in this coat—it is the only one I have—it is of as much value to me as a new one, even if it had a star on it."

4. "If what you say does not proceed from a disordered mind, you are in the right." "A disordered mind, or a light mind, is sometimes the gift of God, at least for children of fortune. My fate once hung heavy on my mind, like lead; but care now passes through it as the wind does through my coat, and if that be a fault it makes up for a great deal of misfortune."

5. "But whence did you come, and whither are you going?" "That question is not difficult to be answered, sir. I came from my cradle and I am going straight forward to my grave. I am endeavoring to soften my fate, and there must be something attractive about me, for my dog and my destiny remain faithful to me—and my shadow, also, but, like a false friend, only when the sun shines.

6. "You shake your head, sir, as if you mean to say I have made choice of bad company. I thought so at first, but there is nothing so bad as not to be useful sometimes. My destiny has made me humble, and taught that one can not unhinge the world. My dog has taught me there is still love and fidelity in the world—and you can not imagine what fine things may be said respecting one's shadow."

7. "Respecting one's shadow? What do you mean?" "You shall hear, sir. At sunrise, when I

am walking behind my long shadow, I say, 'Look, dear shadow, art thou not like a youth? When the sun of life is rising, the earth seems too small. When I lift a foot, thou liftest another, as if thou wouldst step over ten acres at once; and yet, when thou puttest down thy foot, thy step is scarce a span long.

8. "'So fares it with a youth. He attempts much but accomplishes little. Let the sun rise higher, and thou wilt become smaller, as one boasts less the older he grows.' Thus I compare the morning, noon, and evening shadow with a hundred things; and the longer we walk together, the better we become acquainted. The shadow is my watch and my servant. It is a pity that a man can not exist in his shadow, as his shadow does in him."

9. "Well, and what do you say to your shadow in the evening?" "A man's shadow then is a serious thing. When it runs before one, still becoming longer and dimmer, as if already hiding its head in the darkness of eternity, while behind him is the setting sun, and before him a rising star, the shadow then seems to say, 'Thou art on the brink of eternity—the sun is going down—but lose not courage; like me, thou wilt become greater, and before thee is already a bright star, the first ray of the eternity beyond the grave.'"

Definitions.—1. Sŏl'i ta ry, *not having company.* Ex cûr'sion, *trip for pleasure.* Ăb'ject, *without hope.* Pŏv'er ty, *need.* 2. Çi vĭl'i ty, *politeness.* Tăt'tered, *clothed in rags.* 6. Un hĭnġe', *to render wavering, unfix by violence.* Fĭ dĕl'i ty, *faithfulness.* 7. Spăn, *the space of nine inches.* 9. E tĕr'ni ty, *duration without end.*

LESSON 68.

KING JOHN AND MAGNA CHARTA.

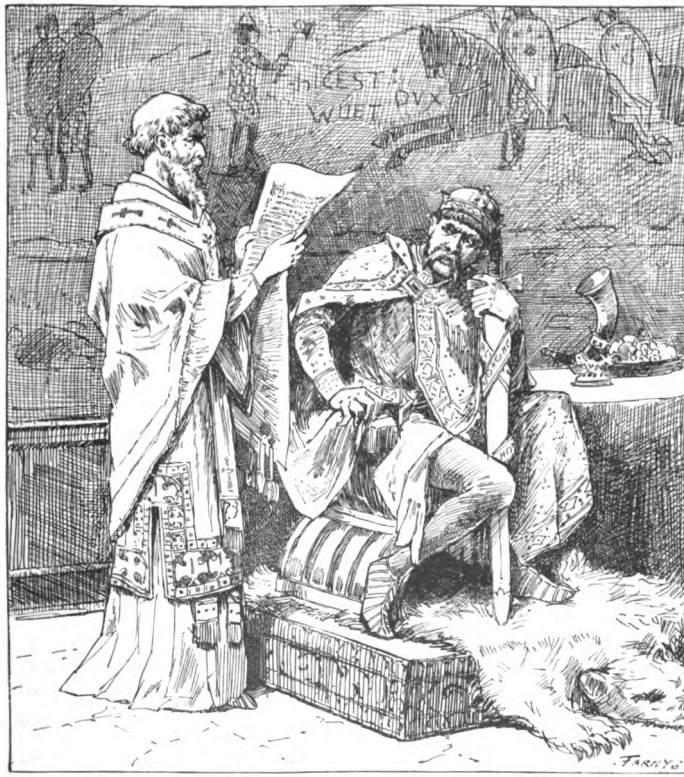
By **Charles Dickens**, a celebrated English novelist, born at Landport, Portsmouth, in February, 1812. Among his best works are *Nicholas Nickleby*, *David Copperfield*, and the *Pickwick Papers*. He died in 1870. The following selection is from his *Child's History of England*.

1. AT Easter time, the Barons assembled at Stratford, in Lincolnshire, in proud array, and marching near to Oxford, where the king was, delivered into the hands of Stephen Langton and two others a list of grievances. "And these," they said, "he must redress, or we will do it ourselves."

2. When Stephen Langton told the king as much, and read the list to him, he went half mad with rage. But that did him no more good than his afterward trying to pacify the Barons with lies. They called themselves and their followers "The Army of God and the Holy Church."

3. Marching through the country, with the people thronging to them every-where, except at Northampton, where they failed in an attack on the castle, they at last triumphantly set their banner in London itself, whither the whole land, tired of the tyrant, seemed to flock to join them.

4. Seven knights alone, of all the knights in England, remained with the king, who, reduced to this strait, at last sent the Earl of Pembroke to the Barons to say that he approved of every thing, and would



meet them to sign their charter when they would. "Then," said the Barons, "let the day be the fifteenth of June, and the place Runnymede."

5. On Monday, the fifteenth of June, one thousand two hundred and fourteen, the king came from Windsor Castle, and the Barons came from the town of Staines, and they met on Runnymede, which is still a pleasant meadow on the Thames, where rushes grow

in the clear water of the rushing river, and its banks are green with grass and trees.

6. On the side of the Barons came the general of their army, Robert Fitz-Walter, and a great concourse of the nobility of England. With the king came, in all, some four-and-twenty persons of any note, most of whom despised him, and were merely his advisers in form.

7. On that great day, and in that great company, the king signed Magna Charta—the great charter of England—by which he pledged himself to maintain the church in its rights; to relieve the Barons of oppressive obligations as vassals of the crown, of which the Barons, in their turn, pledged themselves to relieve their vassals, the people; to respect the liberties of London and all other cities and boroughs; to protect foreign merchants who came to England; to imprison no man without a fair trial; and to sell, delay, or deny justice to none.

8. As the Barons knew his falsehood well, they required further, as their securities, that he should send out of the kingdom all his foreign troops; that for two months they should hold possession of London, and Stephen Langton of the Tower; and that five-and-twenty of their body, chosen by themselves, should be a lawful committee to watch the keeping of the charter, and to make war upon him if he broke it.

9. All this he was obliged to yield. He signed the charter with a smile, and if he could have looked agreeable, would have done so as he departed from the splendid assembly. When he got home to Windsor

Castle, he was quite a madman in his helpless fury. And he broke the charter immediately afterwards.

Definitions.—1. Băr'on, *a nobleman of high rank.* Ar rāy', *order.* Grīēv'an ces, *causes of complaint.* Re drĕss', *set right.* 4. Strāit, *distressing necessity.* Chär'ter, *an instrument in writing bestowing rights and privileges.* 6. Cŏn'cōurse, *assembly.* 7. Ob li gā'tion, *binding power of law, oaths, etc.* Văs'sals, *tenants, bondmen.* 8. Com mĭt'tee, *a body of men acting together.*

LESSON 69.

FIELD-PREACHING.

Phœbe Cary was born near Cincinnati in 1824. In her own name, and in connection with her sister Alice, she published several volumes of poems which were well received. In 1850 the sisters removed to New York City, which was their home until the death of Alice in 1870. Phœbe Cary's poems are marked by a strong, buoyant individuality and a love of nature, contrasting with the tone of melancholy pervading all of her sister's work. She died in 1871.

1. I HAVE been out to-day in field and wood,
   Listening to praises sweet and counsel good,
   Such as a little child had understood,
   That in its tender youth
   Discerns the simple eloquence of truth.

2. The modest blossoms crowding round my way,
   Though they had nothing great or grand to say,
   Gave out their fragrance to the wind all day,
   Because his loving breath
   With soft persistence won them back from death.

3. And the right royal lily, putting on
Her robes, more rich than those of Solomon,
Opened her gorgeous missal in the sun,
And thanked him, soft and low,
Whose gracious, liberal hand had clothed her so.

4. When wearied, on the meadow-grass I sank:
So narrow was the rill from which I drank,
An infant might have stepped from bank to bank;
And the tall rushes near,
Lapping together, hid its waters clear.

5. Yet to the ocean joyously it went,
And, rippling in the fullness of content,
Watered the pretty flowers that o'er it leant;
For all the banks were spread
With delicate flowers that on its bounty fed.

6. The stately maize, a fair and goodly sight,
With serried spear-points bristling sharp and bright,
Shook out his yellow tresses, for delight,
To all their tawny length,
Like Samson glorying in his lusty strength.

7. And every little bird upon the tree,
Ruffling his plumage bright for ecstasy,
Sang in the wild insanity of glee;
And seemed, in the same lays,
Calling his mate, and uttering songs of praise.

8. The golden grasshopper did chirp and sing;
The plain bee, busy with her housekeeping,
Kept humming cheerfully upon the wing,
As if she understood
That with contentment labor was a good.

9. I saw each creature, in his own best place,
To the Creator lift a smiling face,
Praising continually his wondrous grace;
As if the best of all
Life's countless blessings was to live at all!

10. So with a book of sermons plain and true,
Hid in my heart, where I might turn them through,
I went home softly through the falling dew,
Still listening, rapt and calm,
To Nature giving out her evening psalm.

11. While, far along the west, mine eyes discerned,
Where, lit by God, the fires of sunset burned,
The tree-tops, unconsumed, to flame were turned;
And I, in that great hush,
Talked with his angels in each burning bush!

Definitions.—1. Ċoun'sel, *advice.* Ĕl'o quençe, *expression of strong emotion in a forcible manner.* 2. Per sĭst'ençe, *perseverance.* 3. Mĭs'sal, *mass-book.* 4. Lăp'ping, *bent and laid upon.* 5. Boun'ty, *that which is given liberally.* 6. Māize, *Indian corn.* 7. Ĕc'sta sy, *excessive joy.* 10. Răpt, *carried away in thought.*

Language Exercise.—Write the third stanza in prose. What are the two principal words in the sentence? What did the lily do? What words answer the questions *What kind? How? Where?* Let the children write sentences of their own, using the compound words and such words as *joyously, goodly, cheerfully,* and *continually.*

LESSON 70.

MADAM HOW.

Rev. **Charles Kingsley,** poet and novelist, was born in Devonshire, England, in 1819, and died in 1875. He was much interested in the efforts made to improve the condition of the working classes in England. *Alton Locke* and *Hypatia* are regarded by many as his best works.

1. MADAM HOW is never idle for an instant. Nothing is too great or too small for her; and she keeps her work before her eyes in the same moment, and makes every bit of it help every other bit.

2. She will spend a thousand years in building up a mountain, and thousands of years in grinding it down again; and then carefully polish every grain of sand which falls from that mountain, and put it in its right place, where it will be wanted thousands of years hence,—and she will take just as much trouble about that one grain of sand as she did about the whole mountain.

3. And I really believe that Madam How knows her work so thoroughly that the grain of sand which sticks now to your shoe will have an effect upon suns and stars ages after you and I are dead and gone.

4. Most patient indeed is Madam How. She does not mind the least seeing her own work destroyed; she knows that it must be destroyed. There is a spell upon her, and a fate, that every thing she makes she must unmake again; and yet, good and wise woman as she is, she never frets nor tires.

5. She takes just as much pains to make an acorn as to make a peach. She takes just as much pains about the acorn which the pig eats, as about the acorn which will grow into a tall oak, and help to build a great ship.

6. She took just as much pains, again, about the acorn which you crushed under your foot just now, and which you fancy will never come to any thing. Madam How is wiser than that; she knows that it will come to something. She will find some use for it, as she finds a use for every thing.

7. That acorn which you crushed will turn into mold; and that mold will go to feed the roots of some plant, perhaps next year, if it lies where it is; or perhaps it will be washed into the brook, and then into the river, and go down to the sea, and will feed the roots of some plant in some new continent ages and ages hence; and so Madame How will have her own again.

8. You dropped your stick into the river yesterday, and it floated away. You were sorry, because it had cost you a great deal of trouble to cut it, and peel it, and carve a head and your name on it.

9. Madam How was not sorry, though she had taken a great deal more trouble with that stick than ever you had taken. She had been three years making that stick, out of many things, sunbeams among the rest.

10. But when it fell into the river, Madam How knew that she should not lose her sunbeams nor any thing else; the stick would float down the river into the sea; and there, when it got heavy with salt water,

it would sink, and lodge, and be buried, and perhaps ages hence turn into coal.

11. Ages after that, some one would dig it up and burn it, and then out would come, as bright warm flame, all the sunbeams that were stored away in it—and so Madam How would have her own again.

12. And if that would not be the fate of your stick, still something else will happen to it just as useful in the long run; for Madam How never loses any thing, but uses up all scraps and odds and ends somehow, somewhere, somewhen, as is fit and proper for the Housekeeper of the whole Universe.

13. Indeed, Madam How is so patient that some people fancy her stupid, and think that because she does not fall into a passion every time you steal her sweets, or break her crockery, or disarrange her furniture, therefore she does not care.

14. But I advise you not to get that fancy into your head; for you will find that, however good-natured and patient Madam How is in most matters, her keeping silence and not seeming to see you is no sign that she has forgotten.

15. On the contrary, she bears a grudge (if one may say so, with all respect to her) longer than any one else does, because she will have her own again. Indeed, I sometimes think that if it were not for Lady Why, her mistress, she might bear some of her grudges for ever and ever.

16. I have seen little boys ere now damage some of Madam How's property, and be punished by her all their lives long, even though she had mended the broken pieces or turned them to some other use.

17. Therefore I say to you, beware of Madam How. She will teach you more kindly, patiently, and tenderly than any mother, if you want to learn her trade. But if, instead of learning her trade, you damage her materials, beware lest she has her own again out of you.

Definitions.—2. Pŏl'ish, *make smooth.* 4. Spĕll, *something produced by the power of magic.* 15. Grŭdge, *an ill-will, spite.* 17. Be wâre', *guard yourself against.* Ma tē'ri alş, *the substances of which things are made.*

Questions.—What is the subject of this lesson? Who is Madam How? What is nature's work, and how does she perform it? What becomes of the acorn, the stick, and of every thing that exists? Can you put into your own words the meaning of paragraph seventeen?

LESSON 71.

THANKSGIVING.

William Dean Howells was born in Ohio in 1837. At an early age he learned the printing trade, and was for some years a journalist in his native state. He spent four years in Europe (1861–1865) as Consul to Venice, and edited the *Atlantic Monthly* from 1871 to 1880. He is the founder of the realistic school of novelists, has a keen insight into character, and possesses a graceful style. His writings are very popular.

1. LORD, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought:
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still:
For the heart from itself kept,
Our thanksgiving accept.

2. For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer:
For pain, death, sorrow, sent
Unto our chastisement:
For all loss of seeming good,
Quicken our gratitude.

Definitions.—1. Ẽrr'ing, *wandering from the right way.* Betrāyed', *misled.* Bāf'fled, *foiled.* Thānks'gĭv ing, *act of expressing gratitude.* 2. Īg'no rant, *unenlightened.* Chās'tīse ment, *pain inflicted for correction.* Quĭck'en, *to revive, vivify.*

LESSON 72.—PART 1.

THE CHILDREN OF BLENTARN GHYLL.

Charlotte Mary Yonge was born in Hampshire, England, in 1823. She is a voluminous writer of novels, biographical works, etc., all of which have a definite purpose, and are very popular on both sides of the Atlantic. Her best known works are *The Heir of Redclyffe*, *The Daisy Chain*, and *Stories of English History*.

1. Blentarn Ghyll (Gĭl) is the name of a little narrow gorge in those Westmoreland mountains called Langdale Pikes, at whose feet lie the lovely green vale and lake of Grasmere. The lake is fed by mountain streamlets, in the north called becks. One of these becks comes down another beautiful valley, called Easedale, sheltered by mountains and green with grass, as smooth and soft as a lawn from being cropped short by the sheep.

2. At one end, Easedale opens on the village of Grasmere; at the other, on a steep ascent leading to a bare, stony ravine, shut in on all sides by high mountains, and with no outlet except the rough descent into Easedale, and a dangerous winding path about six miles over the mountains to Langdale Head. This lonely ravine is called Far Easedale, and at the upper end there formerly stood a cottage named Blentarn Ghyll.

3. The cottage was the dwelling of an honest old soldier named George Green, who had taken the little mountain farm, and married an active, bustling woman, who kept her home in great order, and regularly sent her children, tidily dressed, to school at Grasmere, whenever the weather did not make the long, wild mountain walk impassable for them.

4. It was in the winter of the year 1807 that there was an auction at a farm-house at Langdale Head. To this gathering George and Sarah Green set off early in the forenoon of a bright winter day, leaving their cottage and six little ones in the charge of the eldest sister, a girl nine years old, named Agnes, for they had no neighbor nearer than Grasmere.

5. Little Agnes was, however, a remarkably steady and careful child, and all went well through the day; but towards night the mist settled down heavily upon the hills, and the heavy sighing in the air foretold the approach of a storm. The children watched anxiously for their parents, but the fog cut off their view, flakes of snow began to fall, and darkness closed in early on them.

6. Agnes gave the others their supper of milk and

oatmeal porridge, and they sat down waiting and watching. But the clock struck one hour after another, and no step was on the threshold, no hand on the latch, no voice at the door; only the white, silent flakes of snow fell thicker and thicker, and at last began to close up around the door, and come in white clinging wreaths through the crevices of the windows.

7. Agnes tried to cheer the others up; but there was a dread on them all, and they could not bear to move away from the peat fire on the hearth, round which they nestled. She put the two youngest, who were twins, to bed in their cradle, and sat with the others till the clock struck twelve, when she heard them one by one say their prayers, and doing the same herself, lay down to rest, trusting to her Heavenly Father's care.

8. The morning came, and no father and mother; only the snow falling thicker than ever, and almost blocking them in; but still Agnes did not lose hope. She thought her parents might come home by Grasmere in the morning. She dressed the other children, made them say their prayers, and gave them their breakfast, recollecting, as she saw the lessening stores, that her mother must know how little was provided for them, and be as anxious to get home as they were to see her there.

9. She longed to go to Grasmere to inquire; but the communication was entirely cut off by the snow, for the beck was, in the winter, too wide for a child to leap, and too rapid to be waded, and the wooden bridge that crossed it had so large a hole in it, that,

when concealed with snow, it was not safe to attempt the passage.

10. She thought over all that could be done for the present, and first wound up the clock, a friend that she could not allow to be silent; next she took all the remaining milk and scalded it, to prevent its turning sour; then she looked into the meal-chest, and made some porridge for breakfast, but the store was so low that she was forced to put all, except the twins, on short allowance. To reconcile the others to this, she made cakes of a small hoard of flour, and baked them on the hearth.

PART 2.

1. It was snowing so fast that she feared that the way to the peat-stack would be blocked up, and therefore her next work was, with the help of the two boys, to pull down as much fuel as would last for a week, and carry it in-doors; then she examined the potatoes, but fancying that if she brought them in, the warmth of the cottage would spoil them, she took only enough for a single meal.

2. Milking the cow was the next thing done by the little maid; but the poor beast was half starved and had but little to give. Calling the boys, Agnes scrambled with them into the hay-loft, and began to pull down the hay; but this was severe work for such young children, so that it required all the sister's steady perseverance to finish supplying the poor cow with even that night's supper and bed.

3. Supper-time came, and after it the motherly child undressed the twins and found voice to sing them to sleep, after which she joined the others; and hour after hour they listened for the dear voices, till they fancied they heard sounds on the howling blast, and as it died away, were conscious of the silence of the lull.

4. So fierce was the snow-drift that Agnes had to guard the door and window from admitting long wreaths of it, and protect the fire from being put out as it came hissing down the chimney. Again her watch lasted till midnight, and no parents, no help

came; again she went to bed, and awoke to find the snow falling thicker than ever, and hope failing within her.

5. Her fond, active mother, her strong, brave father, a noted climber, would surely long ago have found the way home to their children had all been well with them. Agnes described herself as getting through the third lonely day by keeping her little flock together on the hearth, and making them say their prayers aloud by turns.

6. By the following morning the fall of snow was over, and the wind had changed, so sweeping away the drifts, that, though the treacherous bridge might not be attempted, a low stone wall had been exposed, which these little mountaineers knew would serve as a guide into Grasmere by a circuit which would avoid crossing the brook.

7. It would be needful to push down the loose stones of the uncemented stone walls that divided the fields, and the little boys came with Agnes to help her in this as far as the ridge of the hill; but the way was long and unsafe for small children, and she sent them back while she made her way alone to the house nearest in Grasmere.

8. She knocked at the door and was made kindly welcome; but no sooner did she ask for her father and mother than smiles turned to looks of pity and dismay. In half an hour, the news that George and Sarah Green were missing had spread through the valley, and sixty strong men had met at Kirktown, the hamlet close to the parish church, to seek for them.

9. The last that was known of them was, that after the auction, some of their friends had advised them not to try the dangerous path so late; but no one knew when they went. Some of the people of Langdale had heard wild shouts at midnight on the night after the sale, but had fancied them merely the moans of the wind.

10. One day after another the search continued, but still in vain. The neighbors patiently gave up their work day after day to turn over the deep snow around the path from Langdale, but for three—or some say five—days, no trace of them was found. At last, dogs were used, which guided the seekers far away from the path, until a loud shout from the top of a steep precipice told that the lost were found.

11. There lay Sarah Green wrapped in her husband's great-coat, of course dead, and at the foot of the rock his body was found, in a posture that seemed to show that he had been killed by the fall without a struggle. Those who knew them best thought that the poor woman's grief and terror for her little ones had probably so overpowered her as to disturb her husband's coolness and presence of mind, and that, had he been alone, he would probably have saved himself.

12. The father and mother were buried on a lovely spring day at St. Oswald's churchyard at Kirktown. After the funeral, the farm folk of the neighborhood all pressed forward to beg to adopt one or another of the little orphans. The twins were kept together, Catherine was taken by the family of Wordsworth, the poet, and Agnes and her brothers found separate

but comfortable homes among their parents' friends. Queen Charlotte and her daughters were greatly touched by the mountain child's tender motherliness, and sent a handsome donation for the benefit of the orphans.

Definitions.—Part I: 1. G̃ôrġe, *a narrow passage between mountains.* 5. Mĭst, *watery vapor approaching the form of rain.* 6. C̃rĕv'ĭçe, *a narrow opening resulting from a split or crack.* 7. Pēat, *roots and moss partly decayed, found in marshy ground; when dried, used for fuel.* 9. C̃om mū ni cā'tion, *the means of passing from place to place.*

Part II: 3. Lŭll, *calm, quiet.* 6. Trĕach'er oŭs, *false, not to be depended upon.* 7. Un çe mĕnt'ed, *not joined.* 8. Hăm'let, *a small village.* 11. Pŏst'ūre, *position.* 12. Do nā'tion, *gift.*

LESSON 73.

SONG OF THE SUMMER WINDS.

1. Up the dale and down the bourn,
   O'er the meadow swift we fly;
   Now we sing, and now we mourn,
   Now we whistle, now we sigh.

2. By the grassy-fringéd river,
   Through the murmuring reeds we sweep;
   'Mid the lily-leaves we quiver,
   To their very hearts we creep.

3. Now the maiden rose is blushing
   At the frolic things we say;
   While aside her cheek we're rushing
   Like some truant bees at play.

4. Down the glen, across the mountain,
O'er the yellow heath we roam,
Whirling round about the fountain,
Till its little breakers foam.

5. Bending down the weeping willows,
While our vesper hymn we sigh;
Then, unto our rosy pillows,
On our weary wings we hie.

6. There of idlenesses dreaming,
Scarce from waking we refrain,
Moments long as ages deeming
Till we're at our play again.

Definitions.—1. Bōurn, *a small stream.* 3. Frŏl'ic, *gay, merry.* 5. Vĕs'per, *evening.* 6. Re frān', *to withhold from doing.*

LESSON 74.

A HOUSE LEFT ALONE.

1. WHEN a house is left alone by itself, inexperienced persons may believe that it behaves exactly as it does when there are people in it; but that is a delusion, as you will discover if you are ever left alone in it at midnight, sitting up for the rest of the family.

2. At this hour the deceitful house will believe that every one has gone to bed, and will not think it necessary to keep up the delusion of being wrapped

in peace and silence; at this hour its true disposition will reveal itself.

3. To catch it at its best, pretend to retire; put out the gas or the lamp, and go upstairs. Afterward, come down softly, light no more than one lamp, go into the empty parlor and seat yourself at a table, with something to read. No sooner have you done so than you will hear a little chip, chip, chip, along the top of the room—a small sound, but persistent. It is evidently the wall-paper coming off, and you decide, after some tribulation, that if it does come off, you can't help it, and go on with your book.

4. By the way, it is all sham; you are not reading; you never read at such times; but as you sit with your book in your hand, you begin to be quite sure that some one is coming down stairs. Squeak—squeak—squeak! What folly! There is nobody up there to come down; but there—no, it is on the basement stairs. Somebody is coming up.

5. Squeak—snap! Well, if it is a robber, you might as well face him. You get the poker, and stand with your back against the wall. Nobody comes up. Finally, you decide that you are a goose, put the poker down, get a magazine, and try to read.

6. There, that's the door. You heard the lock turn. They are coming home. You run to the door, lift the vestibule curtain, and peep out. Nobody there! But as you linger, the lock gives a click that makes you jump. By daylight neither lock nor stairs make any of these noises unless they are touched or trodden on.

7. You go back to the parlor in a hurry, with a feeling that the next thing you may know something may catch you by the back-hair, and try to remember where you left off. Now, it is the table that snaps and cracks, as if all the Rochester knocks were hidden in its mahogany.

8. You do not lean on it heavily, and you have leaned on it heavily without this result; you take a rocking-chair, and put your book on your knee. Your eyes wander up and down the page, and you grow dreamy, when apparently the book-case fires off a pistol. At least, a loud, fierce crack comes from the heart of that piece of furniture, so loud, so fierce, that you jump to your feet, trembling!

9. You can not stand the parlor any longer. You go upstairs. No sooner do you get there than it seems to you that somebody is walking on the roof. If the house is a detached one, and the thing is impossible, that makes it all the more mysterious. Nothing ever moaned in the chimney before, but something moans now.

10. There is a ghostly step in the bath-room. You find out afterward that it is the faucet dripping, but you do not dare to look at that time. And it is evident that there is something up the chimney, you would not like to ask what. If you have gas, it bobs up and down in a phantom dance. If you have a lamp, it goes out in a blue explosion. If you have a candle, a shroud plainly enwraps the wick and falls toward you.

11. The shutters shake as if a hand clutched them, and finally a doleful cat begins to moan down cellar.

You do not keep a cat. You pretend to read no longer; and as you sit with a towel over your head and face, and hear something under the surbase go "shew, shew, shew," like a little saw, you do not wonder at the old ghost stories.

12. Ten minutes afterwards the bell rings; the belated ones come home; the lights are lit. People talk and tell where they have been, and ask if you are lonesome. And not a stair creaks. No step is heard on the roof; no click at the front door. Neither book-case nor table creaks. The house has on its company manners; you have found out how it behaves when it is all alone.

Definitions.—1. De lū'ṣion, *error.* 2. Re vēal', *to make known.* 3. Per sĭst'ent, *keeping up.* Trĭb ū lā'tion, *anxious doubt.* 6. Vĕs'ti būle, *the hall next the entrance to a house.* 9. Mys tē'ri oŭs, *difficult to understand.* 11. Dōle'ful, *dismal, sorrowful.* Sûr'bāse, *the molding immediately above the base of a room.*

Note. 7.—*The Rochester knocks.* Two sisters, named Fox, first developed the "spirit-rapping" phenomena. They lived at one time in Rochester, New York.

Language Exercise.—The children should now be required to make classified lists of the different parts of speech. To build sentences from given words; as, *soft* and *low; persons, stands, makes,* etc. The children will be able to find in this lesson topics and suggestions for original compositions. The teacher should take advantage of this. Let each child tell orally his experience in being left alone in a house or room; then write the same in the common form or in the form of a letter. Call attention to the exclamations in this lesson. Require the children to write words used in exclamation and to use them in sentences. In these, attention should be called to the use and the proper position of the exclamation point.

LESSON 75.

JUNE.

Mrs. **Elizabeth Akers Allen**, known as the author of the favorite poem, *Rock Me to Sleep*, was born in Maine in 1832. She passed her girlhood in her native state, and at an early age became connected with the press. Her poems are marked by grace and delicacy of thought, and are much admired.

1. NEVER was my life's neglected garden
   Half so full of fragrance as to-day,—
   Never has the world been half so radiant,
   Nor its shapes of sorrow and dismay
   Ever seemed so few and far away.

2. On the sea a veil of silvery softness,
   Faint, and filmy, and mysterious, lies,
   Blending doubtfully the fair horizon
   With the azure of the smiling skies,
   Tender as the blue of loving eyes.

3. On the grass the fallen apple-blossoms
   Heap a pillow rosy-hued and rare,
   While the dim ghosts of the dandelions
   Sail serenely in the untroubled air,
   And the clover blushes every-where.

4. In the leaves a bobolink is pouring
   Passion-songs which brook no pause or rest:
   Hark! how gushingly the liquid music
   Swells and overflows his trembling breast,
   Like a love that can not be repressed.

5. Oh, the joy, the luxury, the rapture,
Thus to brush away the chains of care,
Thus to drop the mask from heart and forehead,
To be glad and young again, and wear
Lilies-of-the-valley in my hair.

6. Far away, unfelt and scarce remembered,
Seems the world-life, harsh and turbulent;
So much harmony, and joy, and beauty,
In this matchless day of days are blent,
I desire no more: I am content!

Definitions.—3. Rō′gy-hūed, *bright with color.* 4. Brŏŏk, *endure, bear.* Re prĕssed′, *kept within bounds.* 6. Tûr′bu lent, *violent disorder.*

LESSON 76.

THE RETURN OF THE BIRDS.

1. "MISS FANNIE, the bluebirds have come—the bluebirds have come!" exclaimed a chorus of voices, as a bevy of girls and boys entered the school-room one morning just as the first bell rang.

2. "We saw two in Mr. Fleming's yard as we came up the street," continued Ida and Jennie, almost in a breath.

3. "And Fay and I saw four in Mr. Stone's orchard," said Grace.

4. "When Mamie and I were crossing Red Bridge, we heard something twittering around, and when we looked down the run we saw some bluebirds hopping about on the bushes," said Robbie, rather shyly.

5. So the reports came in, as the pupils gathered about the teacher's desk. Nearly all the children, while on their way to school that morning, had seen the first bluebirds of the season.

6. "Well, I am glad you are so observing," said Miss Fannie, after she had listened a moment; "and by your bright, cheerful faces I know you are all happy at the return of the birds. This is the sixth of March," continued the teacher; "earlier than usual for bluebirds, is n't it?"

7. "Yes, Miss Fannie," answered Clyde, promptly; "they did n't come till the tenth of March last year. I looked in my note-book this morning."

8. Just then, Willie, who lives a mile in the country, came in and reported that he had seen "a whole lot" of bluebirds and three robins.

9. "It is rather early for robins to return from the south," said Miss Fannie; "but sometimes they remain with us all winter, when they find a thick hedge or cedar-arbor to live in."

10. "Yes, Miss Fannie; two staid in our pine-trees winter before last, and I fed them sometimes," said Arthur.

11. "Now, children, it is about time for the second bell; but we will talk further about birds during our 'miscellaneous' hour this afternoon. In the meantime do not forget your note-books," said the teacher, as the pupils went to their seats.

12. For three or four years the pupils of this school, at the suggestion of their teacher, had been watching the return of the birds and studying their habits.

13. Some of the boys and girls had kept note-books, in which they had recorded their observations; and many of them were thus able to give the date of the return of martins, bluebirds, and robins, or when they first saw the swallow sailing overhead, twittering in its flight, or the cat-bird flitting from bush to bush in search of berries or insects.

14. One rather remarkable coincidence, as shown by their records, is that martins have made their appearance on the twenty-sixth day of March for three years in succession. As these pupils live in or near a small town in West Virginia, their observations do not vary much; only a few days, if any, intervening between dates in most instances.

15. In this way these young people are learning to use their eyes and ears outside the school-room, as well as in it, and at the same time they are obtaining much useful and pleasing information.

16. The birds have no better friends anywhere than the members of this school. That they are careful not to harm or frighten away the birds, is shown by the fact that for two years a pair of robins have built their nest and reared their brood undisturbed in one of the shade-trees in front of the school-room.

17. Instead of climbing the tree or knocking the nest down with a short pole, as any boy could have done easily, each took pride in considering himself the especial protector of the brood—and woe to any cat that was seen near the tree!

18. Recalling the great delight that this school took in watching and talking about their feathered friends, we wondered if there are not thousands of

boys and girls in the land who would take a similar interest in birds if their attention were directed to the subject.

Definitions.—1. Běv'y, *a collection of persons.* 11. Mĭs çel lā'-ne oŭs, *mixed, made up of several kinds.* 13. Ob ser vā'tions, *things noticed.* 14. Co ĭn'çi dençe, *the coming together of events at the same time.* In ter vēn'ing, *coming between.*

LESSON 77.

RESULTS OF INTEMPERANCE.

Edward Everett was born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1794, and died in 1865. During his long life he occupied many important positions under the government, was professor of Greek in Harvard College, and was editor of the *North American Review* for a number of years. His present fame, however, rests chiefly on his *Orations*, which were carefully prepared, and are models of style. They occupy a permanent position in American literature.

1. I BELIEVE the poverty out of the alms-house, produced by intemperance, is greater, in the amount of suffering which it occasions, than the poverty in the alms-house. To the victims of drunkenness, whom it has conducted to the alms-house, one bitter ingredient of the cup is spared. The sense of shame and the struggles of honest pride are at length over. But take the case of a person whose family is dependent on the joint labor of its heads. Suppose the man a hard-working mechanic or farmer, the woman an industrious house-wife, and the family supported by their united labor, frugality, and diligence.

2. The man, as the phrase is, "takes to drink." What happens? The immediate consequence is, that the cost of the liquor which he consumes is taken from the fund which was before barely adequate for their support. They must therefore reduce some other part of their expenditure. They have no luxuries, and must, accordingly, pinch in the frugal comforts and necessaries of life, in wholesome food, in decent clothing, in fuel, in the education of the children.

3. As the habit of excess increases, there must be more and more of this melancholy retrenchment. The old clothes, already worn out, must be worn longer; the daily fare, none too good at the beginning, becomes daily more meager and scanty; the leak in the roof, for want of a nail, a shingle, or a bit of board, grows wider every winter; the number of panes of broken glass, whose place is poorly supplied with old hats and rags, daily increases; but not so the size of the unreplenished wood-pile.

4. Before long, the children are kept from school for want of books and clothing; and, at length, the wretched family are ashamed to show their sordid tatters in the church on the Sabbath day. Meantime, the fund for the support of the family, the labor of its head, although burdened with a constantly growing charge for liquor, is diminished, in consequence of the decline of his health, strength, and vigor. He is constantly earning less; and, of what he earns, constantly consuming more unproductively—destructively.

5. Let this process proceed a year or two, and see to what they are reduced, and how poverty passes

into crime. Look into his hovel — for such by this time it is—when he comes home on Saturday evening, the wages of his week's labor already squandered in excess. Not wholly intoxicated, he is yet heated with liquor, and craves more. Listen to the brutal clamors, accompanied by threats and oaths, with which he demands of his family the food which they have been able to procure neither for themselves nor for him.

6. See the poor, grown-up children—boys and girls, perhaps young men and women, old enough to feel the shame as well as the misery of their heritage—without a tinge of health upon their cheeks, without a spark of youthful cheerfulness in their eyes, silent and terrified, creeping supperless, for the night, to their wretched garret, to escape outrage, curses, and blows from the author of their being.

7. Do I paint from the imagination, or do I paint from nature? Am I sporting with your feelings, or might I heighten the picture, and yet spare you many a heart-sickening trait from real life?

Definitions.—1. Älmṣ'-house, *a place where the poor are taken care of at the public expense.* In grē'di ent, *that which enters into a mixture.* 2. Fŭnd, *a sum of money to meet expenses.* Ăd'e quāte, *sufficient.* 3. Re trĕnch'ment, *the act of lessening in amount.* Mēa'ger, *scanty, poor.* 5. Hŏv'el, *a small and mean house.* In tŏx'i eāt ed, *drunk.* 6. Hĕr'it aġe, *lot in life.* 7. Heīght'en, *advance to a worse state.* Trāit, *marked feature.*

Questions.—What is the first indication of intemperance as pictured by the author? How does each member of the family suffer? Why is the habit of drunkenness hard to overcome? What change is noticeable in the children of a drunkard's family? Give the author's conclusions in your own words.

LESSON 78.

FAITH AND OBEDIENCE.

1. THE wind had blown strongly from the north-east a day or two. As it increased to a gale, fears were entertained for the safety of a fine ship in the bay, whose officers did not seem to know how to direct her course, yet had once or twice refused the offer of a pilot.

2. Many old seamen were to be seen on the highest places in the city and the vicinity, looking anxiously at the ship through their glasses, while others listened to their remarks with trembling. That she would be wrecked was inevitable, unless she could make the harbor or the violence of the gale should decrease.

3. At length a number of young men, thoroughly acquainted with the bay and the harbor, put off in a small schooner, determined to save her if possible. The waves ran high in the bay, and as the little vessel sailed out of the harbor, the scene became one of deep and intense interest.

4. Now lifted up on the crest of a wave, she seemed trembling on the verge of destruction; then plunging down into the trough of the sea, she was lost from view, and some landsman would exclaim, "She has gone to the bottom!" At last she came to the ship, hailed, and tendered a pilot. The offer was again refused.

5. Irritated by the refusal, the captain of the schooner changed her course and sailed toward the harbor. Soon the report of a gun was heard, and the

signal for a pilot was run up to the mast-head of the apparently doomed ship. In a few minutes the vessels came side to side, passing each other in a lull of the gale. The pilot sprang into the ship's chains, and was soon on her deck.

6. The strange movements of the ship were now explained. She had taken an incompetent pilot on board some days before; the crew, aware of his incompetency, were almost in a state of mutiny. When first hailed from the schooner, the captain was below; but hearing the answer of this pilot, he went on deck, took charge of the ship, and ordered the signal-gun to be fired.

7. The new pilot asked a few questions about the working of the ship, requested the captain to take the

wheel with a man whom he could trust, and charged him not to change the ship's course in the least unless by his order. The sailors saw that he was confident of his ability to save the ship, hope and confidence began to revive in them, and they obeyed his orders without questioning their propriety.

8. The course of the ship was now turned directly toward the foaming breakers. When close to them, the captain shouted, "Shall I put her about?" The calm reply of the pilot was "Steady." In another moment the same calm voice gave the order, "About ship." The ship's bow was turned from the breakers, and she sailed on another tack.

9. She had sailed but a short distance, when she neared two sunken rocks, whose position was shown by the breaking and boiling of the sea. "Full and steady," said the pilot. She passed safely between the rocks, the order for changing her course was given, and again she dashed on toward the breakers.

10. Nearer and nearer she came to them, and still the pilot gave no order, but stood like a statue, calm and unmoved. The ship labored hard amid the foaming waters. She was about to strike against a rock, when the order, "About ship," was heard above the roaring of the waves.

11. Again her course was changed—now toward the harbor, which she soon entered. One hour later she could not have been saved; for, by the time she reached her anchorage, no vessel could have carried a single sail in the open bay.

12. When the order was given to let go the anchor, the captain sprang from his place at the

wheel, and caught the pilot in his arms; the sailors and the passengers crowded around them. Tears streamed down the cheeks of old seamen who had weathered many a storm and braved untold dangers. All pressed forward to grasp the hand of their deliverer.

13. This ship's officers and crew had faith in their pilot. Their faith amounted to confidence,—an obedient confidence. They did not say, "He will save us," and then neglect to obey his orders. The sails were trimmed, the helm was turned as he directed—and they did not disobey or distrust him even when he seemed to be directing their course into the jaws of destruction.

Definitions.—1. Gāle, *a strong wind blowing between fifty and sixty miles an hour.* Pī'lot, *one who directs the course of a ship in shallow or dangerous waters.* 2. In ĕv'i ta ble, *not capable of being avoided.* 4. Vĕrġe, *edge.* 5. Ĭr'ri tāt ed, *vexed, angered.* 6. Mū'ti ny, *open resistance to officers.* 8. Breāk'erş, *waves breaking into foam against a shore.*

Questions.—Why was the ship in danger of sinking? Describe the action of the young seamen of the city. What questions did the pilot ask? Why was he confident of saving the ship? How did the sailors and passengers act? What can we learn from this lesson?

Language Exercise.—This lesson affords an opportunity to lead the children to observe the construction of compound sentences; also, the proper position of words, phrases, and clauses. The natural and inverted order of arrangement of sentences may be explained to the pupils; how a sentence may be abridged by the change of phrases and clauses. The teacher should bear in mind that improvement in writing depends more upon the careful criticism of a few typical sentences than a careless or loose criticism of many exercises.

LESSON 79.

ECHOES.

Mrs. **Harriet Prescott Spofford** was born in Calais, Maine, in 1835. She is a frequent contributor to the leading periodicals of the day, and her brilliant stories have gained her a high reputation. The following is selected from the concluding stanzas of her poem, *Inside Plum Island*, describing a day's drifting on the sea.

1. SINGING we went our happy way,
   Singing old songs, nor noted
   Another voice that with us sung
   As wing and wing we floated,

2. Till hushed we listened, while the air
   With music still was beating,
   Voice answering tuneful voice, again
   The words we sang repeating.

3. A flight of fluting echoes, sent
   With elfin carol, o'er us,—
   More sweet than bird-song in the prime
   Rang out the sea-born chorus.

4. Behind those dunes the storms had heaped
   In all fantastic fashion,
   Who syllabled our song in strains
   Remote from human passion?

5. What tones were those that caught our own,
   Filtered through light and distance,
   And tossed them gayly to and fro
   With such a sweet insistence?

6. What shoal of sea-sprites to the sun
Along the margin flocking,
Dripping with salt dews from the deeps,
Made this melodious mocking?

7. We laughed,—a hundred voices rose
In airiest, fairiest laughter;
We sang,—a hundred voices quired
And sang the whole song after.

8. One standing eager in the prow
Blew out his bugle clearly,
And far and wide their horns replied
More silvery and clearly.

9. And falling down the falling tide,
Slow and more slowly going,
Flown far, flown far, flown faint and fine,
We heard their horns still blowing.

10. Then, with the last delicious note
To other skies alluring,
Down ran the sails; beneath the bluff
The boat lay at her mooring.

Definitions.—4. Dūneş, *low sand-hills formed by the action of the winds or the waves.* Fan tăs'tic, *imaginary, not real.* 6. Me lō'di oŭs, *agreeable to the ear.* 7. Quīred, *joined in a chorus.* 8. Bū'ğle, *a musical instrument of curved shape with a high, full note.* 10. Al lūr'ing, *tempting, inviting.*

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